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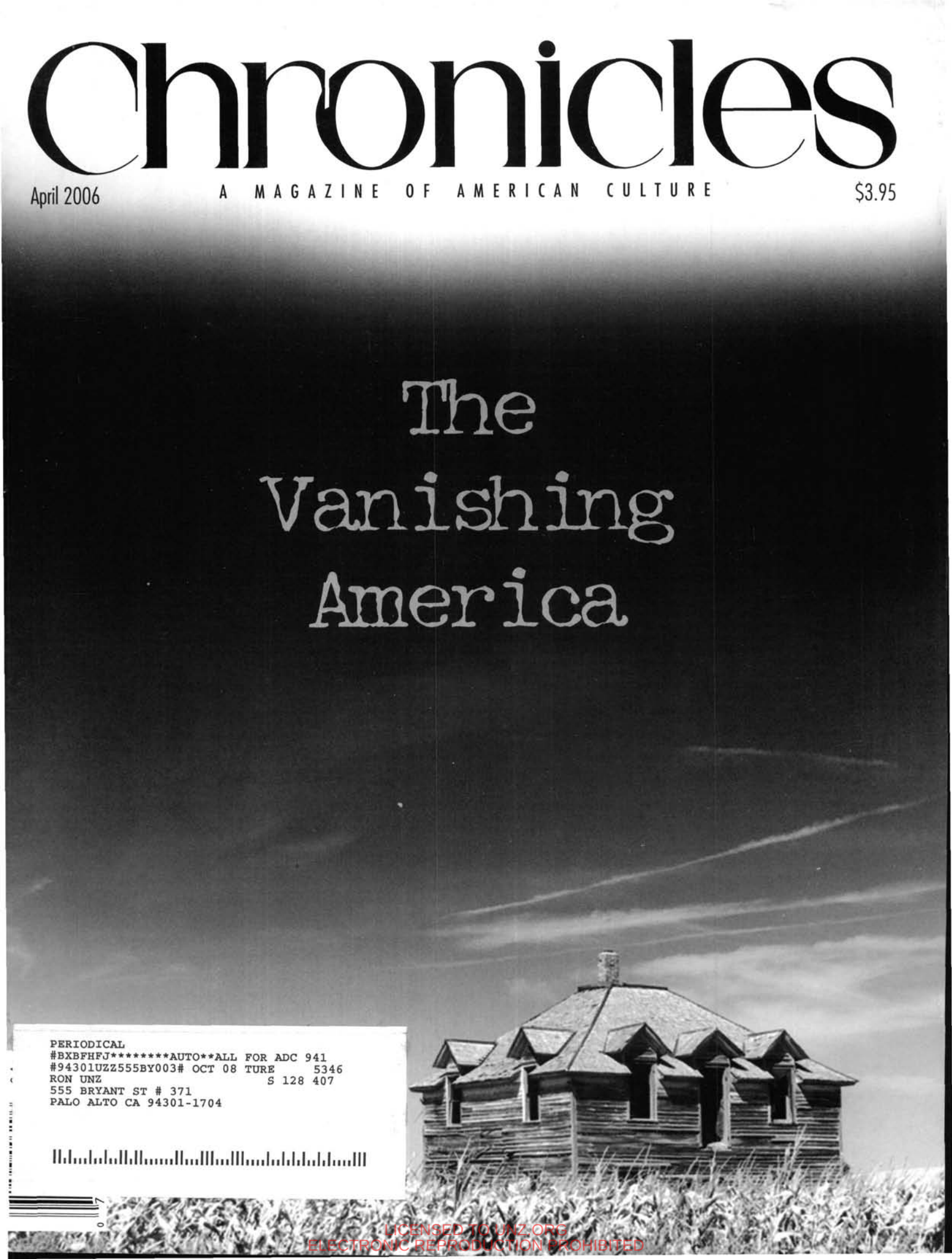

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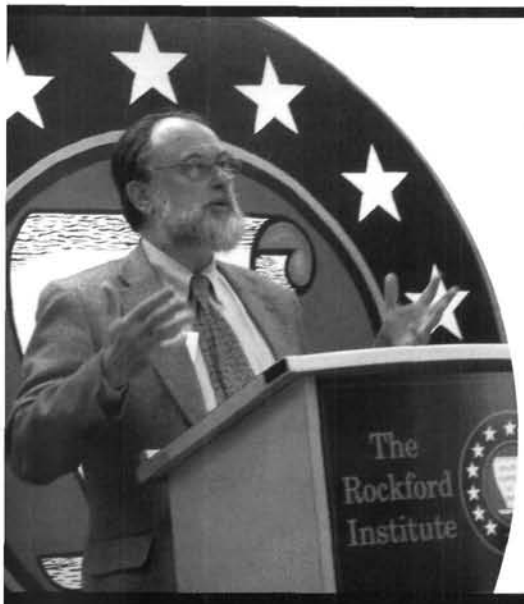

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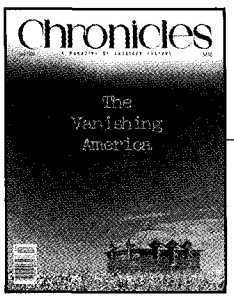

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POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On Textual Errors

Aaron D. Wolf's defense of the Byzantine or Majority Text of the New Testament, which he calls the Ecclesiastical Text ("A Trip to Smart-Mouth College," *Views*, February), was thoughtful and well written. There are errors in the Alexandrian tradition and unique true readings in the Majority Text. For instance, the two standard critical editions, UBS and Nestle-Aland, put brackets around Matthew 12:47 because it is omitted by both Sinaiticus and Vaticanus, although it is necessary for the sense. Classicist Gunther Zuntz called for a methodical comparison of the two traditions in "The Byzantine Text in New Testament Criticism," *Journal of Theological Studies* 43 (1942), pp. 25-30; and *Opuscula Selecta* (1972), pp. 278-283. There are now editions of the Greek New Testament with the Majority Text: Hodges and Farstad (1982; second edition, 1985) and Robinson and Pierpont (1991). They differ in many places from the Textus Receptus, which is basically because of Erasmus. A response to Zuntz's challenge is long overdue.

I am puzzled, however, by Mr. Wolf's statements about the *Comma Johanneum*, I John 5:7. He writes, "the King James Version translated that passage, from the Ecclesiastical Text." The passage is discussed by Bruce Metzger in *A Textual Commentary on the Greek New Testament* (1971; 1994), pp. 647-649 of the second edition, and his *Text of the New Testament*, pp. 101-102. The passage is found in the text of no Greek manuscript before the 16th century, where it is a translation from the Latin. These manuscripts were composed to make Erasmus introduce the passage into his edition. It is quoted by no Greek Father or any Greek ecclesiastical source until the Greek translation of the Latin Acts of the Lateran Council of 1215. It is found in no ancient version (Syriac, Coptic, Old Latin, *etc.*). It is not found in early manuscripts of Jerome's Vulgate, *e.g.* Codex Fuldensis (541-546), Codex Amiatinus (before 716), or even the Codex Vallicellianus, revised by Alcuin in the ninth century. It is quoted by Priscillian or his disciple Instantius in the fourth century and by African and Italian churchmen in the fifth century. The earliest Latin New Testament manuscripts with it are dated to the sixth century. It is not printed as part of the Majority Text by either Robinson and Pierpont or Hodges and Farstad. Whatever can be said for the Comma, it cannot be defended by its presence in the Majority Text, because it is not found there.

—E. Christian Kopff
Boulder, CO

Mr. Wolf Replies:

My thanks to Dr. Kopff for pointing out my error and for sharing with me the fascinating essay by Ezra Abbot, "I. John V. 7 and Luther's German Bible" (published first in 1879).

The Comma is somewhat unique in the discussion of differences between the Ecclesiastical Text, from which Erasmus composed his Greek New Testament *via* a few representative manuscripts, and the Alexandrian, which is favored by the majority of critical scholars today, who, as I argued in my article, view the Bible more as an artifact worthy of scientific examination than as a part of a holy tradition requiring reverence and submission.

Erasmus reluctantly succumbed to Church officials' pressure to include the Comma, while Martin Luther was careful to leave it out of all of the editions of his German Bible, although it was inserted in editions published after his death (1546), as early as 1582. In Jaroslav Pelikan's translation of *Luther's Works*, we have Luther's comments on the Comma (from 1527): "The Greek books do not have these words, but this verse seems to have been inserted by the Catholics because of the Arians, yet not aptly; for wherever John speaks about the witnesses, he speaks about those on earth, not about those in heaven." Pelikan's footnote, however, is misleading (indeed, it had misled this writer): "The so-called Johannine Comma has been omitted from the first edition of Erasmus' Greek New Testament; its appearance in subsequent editions accounts for its translation into the standard versions, *including Luther's own*"

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(emphasis mine). Ezra Abbot has shown that this is not the case.

William Tyndale has the Comma in his translations (beginning in the 1520's) of the New Testament into English, which form the basis of a large part of the 1611 King James Version (by way of the intervening Bishops' Bible of 1568, of which the KJV was largely a revision). Thus, both in German and in English (in addition to the Vulgate), the Comma has appeared for centuries. What it teaches is indeed true and meshes with the Church's teaching on the Holy Trinity. However, it is not part of the Majority or Ecclesiastical Text, and Trinitarian dogma can (and will) endure even if the Comma is relegated to a marginal note, which is probably how it came about in the first place.

On Matters Ecclesial

Once again, Joe Ecclesia has written a "Letter to a Bishop" (*Correspondence*, January) that resonates on the other side of the Atlantic. English parishes have been warned that they can no longer assume that they will have a resident priest. English Catholics have been told to be prepared for the number of Masses celebrated to be reduced, for parishes to be amalgamated, and for churches to be closed. We are, as our cardinal archbishop has told us, in a time of crisis. In his own archdiocese, there were 843 working priests in 1990; a year ago, the number had fallen to 623; and it is projected to fall to 471 by 2015, a reduction of nearly 50 percent in 25 years.

There are, no doubt, any number of reasons that can be put forward to explain how this has come about, and Joe Ecclesia touches on one that has certainly played–and is playing–its part. The culture of too many seminaries has been lax, liberal, and in some cases downright distasteful. But then so have other aspects of Catholic life. Not always, not everywhere, but often and frequently enough to be damaging, a kind of self-satisfied contentment seems to have crept into the institutional Church. The mood at too many Masses is one not of devotion and recollection but of busy external participation. The atmosphere is not one of worship but of mutual admiration. In my own diocese, the bishop has sought to redress the balance in favor of God-centered prayerfulness by stressing the importance of adhering to the officially laid down norms of liturgical celebration, but, at the same time, he has offered examples of good practice that include "youth masses" with Taizé-style music and "drama and mime" during the readings. People whose sensitivities have been formed in the traditional Christian cultural continuum find the atmosphere at such celebrations alien—and I suspect that they would find the atmosphere in the seminaries that Joe Ecclesia satirizes just as unwelcoming and foreign. In too many of them, and in too many churches, there is a cultural barrier that makes even the most radical of traditionalists feel excluded. Those who maintain that barrier most dutifully claim to be asserting a culture of inclusiveness, but the real result of their efforts is that many people who would love to contribute to the active life of the Church are, if one may paraphrase the comedian, included out.

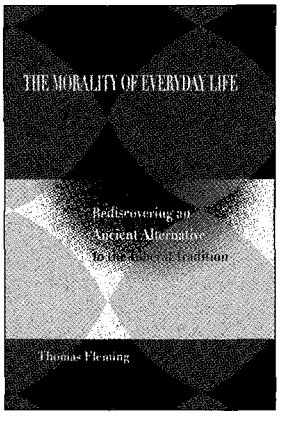
—Michael McMahon
Norfolk, England

The Morality of Everyday Life:
Rediscovering an Ancient Alternative to the Liberal Tradition

by Thomas Fleming

What passes for conservatism today is really nothing more than the impossible moral and social theories of the Renaissance and Enlightenment, in which universal abstractions, such as democracy and equality, are presented as hard truths, when, in fact, they have never existed in any society in human history. Nonetheless, they are to be applied worldwide, at the tip of a spear (or cruise missile) if necessary.

Dr. Fleming's alternative is rooted in "everyday life," the local realities of blood and soil, custom and tradition, friendship and faith, and in the wisdom born of the experiences these realities beget. This wisdom finds expression in folktales and fables, in ancient Hebrew Scriptures and Greek philosophy, and in medieval casuistry. It is the method to solving ethical problems great and small, and it is the method that undergirds authentic conservatism.



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by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

On the Firing Line

Vice President Cheney's mishap on the Armstrong Ranch in Texas last February is every hunter's nightmare come true. The humiliation following that mishap is every politician's worst dream realized.

An easy metaphorical reach allows us some fun at the expense of the Vice President, the apparently careless shotgunner who once held the office of secretary of defense, whose finger is today poised at one remove from The Button, and who stands as the principal architect (again, at a remove) of the disastrously conceived and waged Iraq war and the Bush administration's fatal Middle East policy. More germane, if less gratifyingly piquant, is the fact that Cheney never served in the Armed Forces, where (presumably) he would have learned at least responsible shooting and also, perhaps, something of the art of war. The conceit, as I say, is compelling—but facile. In 1980, when Ronald Reagan stepped forward with his wife to claim victory on Election Night, he and Mrs. Reagan were presented with an enormous cake representing the United States of America on which all the lower 48 states were carefully demarcated. The cake proved as unwieldy as it was ugly, causing the First Couple-elect almost to drop the hideous thing. The following week, the "Talk of the Town" writer at the *New Yorker* spread himself with this one, suggesting that Reagan's clumsiness in handling his cake was a metaphor for the coming peril the country faced in his awkward and incompetent hands. The trope appealed to me at the time as dreadful poetry and worse manners, New York's idea of intellectual fair play. In Cheney's case, myth approaches a little closer to reality, perhaps, but not by much. In any event, the administration is dismal enough to contemplate at the drab prosaic level, without venturing onto the poetic one.

More disturbing than Dick Cheney's handling of firearms and his comportment in the field is the panicky reaction displayed by this armchair warrior in a crisis falling existentially short of threatened nuclear warfare, or even another terror attack. It was a columnist for the *Washington Post* who summed up the Vice President's conduct over the 16 hours after the wounding of his friend Harry Whittington with the words "Shoots, Hides and Leaves." The most charitable (as well as highly possible) explanation for his behavior is that Cheney's medical attendants, fearing the shock of the accident could trigger a fifth heart attack, sedated him to the point where he was incapable of speaking responsibly or even lucidly with the media until the next day. This scenario does not, of course, explain why Cheney waited *four* days to make his appearance—and a canned appearance at that, sensitively regulated and modulated by a hand-picked, hand-tamed reporter for a *parti pris* television network. And it is entirely irrelevant to the Vice President's stubborn defense of his decision to delay coming forward until such time as the demands for "accuracy" could be met—meaning, apparently, until it was reasonably obvious to him how the situation would ultimately unfold. That, of course, is on the order of suggesting that the attack on the World Trade Center should not have been reported until the Twin Towers had fallen and the number of casualties ascertained. News is supposed to be news, not recent history, nor is it within either the responsibility or the constitutional power of the U.S. government to distinguish between them.

That said, we need to add that the press (now the media) has no right to be *told* much, if anything, by government. Its freedom, in other words, is negative in character rather than positive. In many instances (certainly not all), cover-up by governments, or members thereof, is criminal. But Cheney is not guilty of a cover-up: He is guilty of shut-up, instead. In a free society, the media are at liberty to ferret out what they need, or think they need, to discover about the actions of the government and the conduct of its individual members. In a society, however, that in fact is no longer free (owing significantly to the censorship and self-censorship practiced by biased and activist journalism) the news organs have invested themselves with the right to be informed—and *pronto*—and then have browbeaten and blackmailed government into acknowledging that right. If Dick Cheney were a man, instead of a politician, he would have said as much outright and defied the media for the liars and hypocrites they are. If George Bush were a man, instead of a post-turtle (doesn't know how he got up there; can't *do* anything up there; doesn't know how to get *down* from there), he would have backed his second-in-command to the hilt. But this is like saying that, if the United States were Narnia, we'd have a lion for a president, instead of an arrogant dwarf.

As Joe Sobran has observed, no one in Washington deserved a good deflating as much as Dick Cheney, and now that deflation has occurred. The laugh is that Richard B. Cheney, the "senior statesman," was chosen for the Number Two spot to add gravitas to a ticket headed by the spoiled heir of an evolving political dynasty with the looks of Alfred E. Newman and a voice like a duck trying to speak English. Hard as it is to imagine today, Cheney was supposed to be *reassuring*! Thanks in no small part to the incident on the Armstrong Ranch, we can now see that Cheney was no statesman at all, not ever, but only a political fixer, schemer, and conniver, with as much understanding of the world and his fellow man as a think-tank warrior and enormously less than the New York mobster whom, as his eerily altering facial appearance suggests, he has grown to resemble over his six years in office. ©

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STEPHEN HARPER, a 43-year-old politician from Calgary, became the leader of the newly formed right-wing Canadian Alliance in 2002. One year later, he managed to unite his party with the Progressive Conservative Party to form the Conservative Party of Canada. On January 23, 2006, Mr. Harper—against all odds—brought an end to 12 years of Liberal Party rule, becoming the 22nd prime minister of Canada.

Harper's opponents accuse him of being a right-wing ideologue with a hidden agenda designed to roll back abortion rights, nullify Canada's acceptance of "gay marriages," join the war in Iraq, and override the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. None of this is likely to happen.

Harper's Conservative Party won the election by a narrow margin, and he now finds himself the prime minister of a minority government. His party won 124 of the 308 seats in parliament and gained 36 percent of the total votes cast. The Liberal Party won 103 seats with 30 percent. The separatist Bloc Québécois won 51 seats; the socialist New Democratic Party, 29. Consequently, if he wishes to retain power, Harper must get the support of other parties in the House of Commons.

This should not be hard to do. Paul Martin, the Liberal leader, has stepped down, and the party now faces the difficult task of replacing him. The other parties will not be keen to bring the new government down. After two elections in two years, voters are not looking forward to another one any time soon.

The Conservatives will likely have a year, or maybe two, to implement the major elements of their election platform. The first priority will be to restore accountability to government. One of the primary reasons for the Liberal Party defeat was that it was seen as a party of entitlement and corruption. Its former leader, Jean Chrétien, had presided over a number of financial scandals involving hundreds of millions of dollars allegedly spent to counteract the rise of separatist sentiment in Quebec. In fact, much of the money was siphoned off by officials or friends of the party.

These revelations shocked Canadians and gave Mr. Harper the opportunity he needed to run on the promise to restore integrity and accountability to government. Despite protestations by Paul Martin that he had not been aware of these illegal transactions, his credibility and that of the Liberal Party were seriously damaged. This was especially true in Quebec, the former Liberal stronghold, where only 13 Liberals were elected out of a possible 75 seats.

Harper also promised to reduce the federal sales tax and to introduce a child-care program that would give families $100 per month for each child under the age of six. Both proposals were popular with families burdened with a heavy tax load and with stagnating disposable incomes. He promised to introduce mandatory sentencing for crimes involving firearms, scrap the expensive and controversial firearms registry, and use the money saved to put more police on the streets.

One of Mr. Harper's major campaign promises was to correct the fiscal imbalance between the central government and the provinces and to stop incursions by Ottawa into matters that fall under provincial jurisdiction. This will be one of his biggest challenges; any diminution of central power may play into the hands of a resurgent separatist party in Quebec.

Strident attempts by the Liberals to identify Harper with President Bush and the neoconservatives did not frighten Canadian voters. Harper's promise to reconsider signing on to the U.S. missile-defense program and to increase Canadian military spending suggest that the Conservatives are firmly committed to improving relations with the United States.

Harper's victory has turned Canadian politics on its head. The conservative rebirth has signaled that the focus of Canadian economic power is shifting from central Canada to the energy-rich provinces of the west. It might also be seen as a reaction against the rapid pace of social and demographic change that has swept across Canada in the past two decades under the leadership of the Liberal Party. It is significant that the Conservatives failed to win any seats in metropolitan Toronto, where almost 50 percent of the population is foreign-born, and gained little support in the other two major urban centers, Montreal and Vancouver.

—*James Bissett*

AFTER HAMAS, the radical Islamic and anti-Western movement and terrorist organization, achieved victory in the Palestinian parliamentary elections, I was invited by a leading think tank in Washington to debate with another Middle East analyst the implications of that stunning development for U.S. policy in the Middle East and the moribund "peace process." I found quite fascinating the reactions of some members of the audience, which consisted mostly of foreign-policy-establishment types, to my very gloomy forecasts about the repercussions of the first electoral win by an Islamic political group—an offshoot of the militant Muslim Brotherhood—in an Arab-Sunni country.

Many in the audience were trying to convince me that the Lord works in mysterious ways (though they didn't use those exact words) and applying what I would describe as "dialectical thinking run amok." Yes, under the rule of Hamas, Christians and women would be relegated to the status of second-class citizens, not to mention that these experts in suicide bombing whose election platform quoted the infamous *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* were committed to the elimination of Israel and would never be willing to make peace with her. But . . . who knows? Recall the Nixon-goes-to-China scenario, and it is quite possible that only the Palestinian hard-liners would succeed in delivering an agreement with the Israelis. Also, when radical political groups come to power, they tend to adjust to the political reality, moderate their extreme positions, and become more pragmatic. And if a Hamas-led Palestinian Authority decided to pursue a radical domestic and international agenda, it would only fail miserably, and the Palestinian people—who supposedly voted for Hamas only because the ruling Fatah leaders were corrupt and they wanted to bring to power honest and competent figures who would make the garbage trucks run on time—would eventually kick the extremists out of power. After learning their lesson, the Palestinians would elect the Good Guys, the moderates, the proponents of the Third Way who would make peace with Israel and welcome the establishment of an American Empire in the Middle East, in exchange for a visit to the White House and tickets to Davos.

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Yeah, right. According to this kind of wishful thinking, the Hamas victory makes a lot of sense—a disastrous situation pregnant with hope for a better future. Now we understand why the Bush administration launched its Crusade for Democracy in the Middle East, which has already helped to bring to power in Baghdad a bunch of radical Shiite clerics with ties to Iran, and why Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice rejected the pleas of Israeli and Palestinian officials to put on hold the election in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. It seems that America's chief diplomat and the neoconservative ideologues—who, notwithstanding the mess in Iraq, continue to drive U.S. policy in the Middle East—remain committed to the axiom that promoting free elections in the region (and elsewhere) not only is the moral obligation of the American people but is bound to advance U.S. interests, since democratically elected governments rarely go to war against each other. And if things don't work exactly as this ideological dogma predicts, we'll just have to hope for the best—and spin, spin, spin.

Contrary to what the neocons have been preaching, nationalism, not democracy, is the most powerful political force in the modern era, and, if anything, democracy and free elections tend to empower nationalist leaders who challenge the *status quo* and are warriors, not peaceniks. By promoting democracy in the Middle East, the Bush administration has ignited the forces of nationalism, ethnicity, religion, tribes—or a mixture of all of these—in Iraq and in Palestine. The Bushies have made the Middle East safe for nationalism, and radical ethnic and religious identity, and have created an environment in which civil wars and international conflicts are becoming more, not less, likely.

Specifically, in Palestine, it was the Israeli strategy—backed by the Bush administration—of isolating and weakening the late Yasser Arafat and his secular and more moderate Fatah movement, which had recognized Israel's right to exist, that created the conditions for the Hamas victory in an election that was promoted by Washington as another step in the U.S.-led "March to Freedom" in the Middle East.

Indeed, if, in 2000, anyone had to draw an outline of a plan to ensure that Hamas would come to power, he would only have had to propose the policies that were advanced by the Israelis and the Americans and which helped radicalize the Palestinians and encourage them to abandon Fatah and turn to Hamas leaders as their political saviors who could stand up to the Israelis and the Americans and provide them with a source of identity and a sense of security.

That the Bush administration couldn't figure this out and expected Fatah to win and the "peace process" to move forward should not have come as a surprise. These are the same policymakers who had predicted that the Iraqi people would welcome the American "liberators" with flowers and that Iraq would emerge a vibrant liberal democracy that would serve as the model to the entire Arab Middle East. This fantasy has dealt a decisive blow to American interests in the Persian Gulf, where Iran is now emerging as a more assertive power that is in the process of forming an anti-American Shiite crescent that includes Iraq. Now, after the election in Palestine, America has suffered another setback, making Washington even less likely to succeed in reviving negotiations between Israelis and Palestinians and helping radical Islamic movements around the world to gain a sense of confidence. (It is not a coincidence that the violent demonstration against the "offending" Danish cartoons erupted immediately after the Hamas victory.) Perhaps, when the history of the "War on Terror" is written years from now, scholars will name George W. Bush, not Osama bin Laden, as the political figure most responsible for the spread of radical Islam (and not democracy) in the Middle East.

—*Leon Hadar*

Fr. Andrea Santoro, who was murdered in February in Trabzon, on Turkey's Black Sea coast, was a victim of jihadism. An Italian missionary priest who had served in Turkey for ten years, Father Santoro was shot twice at point-blank range in his church by a youth who shouted "*Allahu akbar!*" ("Allah is great!") before fleeing the scene.

Pope Benedict XVI praised Father Santoro for his work and expressed hope that "his blood shed may be a seed of hope for the building of authentic fraternity among people." While this statement wrapped a futile hope in the language of diplomatic prudence, José Cardinal Saraiva Martins, prefect of the Congregation for the Causes of Saints, refused to accept a link between the killing and Islamic hostility, declaring he wanted to be "prudent" about jumping to conclusions. Worse still, he declared it would be wrong to speak of a "religious conflict" because "every faith is against war and against the misuse of the image of God."

By contrast, Italy's reforms minister, Roberto Calderoli, a member of the Northern League, rejected such platitudes. He called on the Pope to "stand up to defend Christianity with the firmness of his predecessors who had started the Crusades in the Middle Ages" and to defend Christian rights against discrimination in the Islamic world. Such sanguine words, and the fact that he donned a T-shirt displaying one of those Danish cartoons, cost him his job and prompted Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi to declare that Turkey should be an example to the Islamic world and that he supports the country's entry into the European Union.

Most Europeans disagree, including an overwhelming majority of Berlusconi's countrymen. The view of Turkey as a profoundly un-European country, steeped in an ethos deeply hostile to Western ways, is so widespread that Brussels will have to resort to its usual shenanigans to bypass the will of the electorate and admit the putative "bridge between the East and West" into the club.

That view has been confirmed most recently by the phenomenal success of the *Valley of the Wolves, Iraq*—the most expensive Turkish film ever made. It opens with a real-life event: In July 2003, U.S. Marines raided Turkish Special Forces headquarters in the Iraqi city of Sulimaniyah, placed hoods over the soldiers' heads, and kept them prisoner, allegedly mistaking them for guerrillas. Washington later apologized, but the movie makes the incident look like a deliberate American ploy. The subsequent fictional plot conveys one underlying theme: Muslims, good; Americans, bad—so bad, in fact, that they attack a mosque during evening prayers, murder dozens of innocents at a wedding (including a little boy), and allow a Jewish doctor to remove vital organs from Abu Ghraib inmates, so that they can be sold in New York and Tel Aviv.

The film was released only months after the novel *Metal Storm*, about a future war between Turkey and the United States over Kurdish Iraq, sold over a million copies—in a country where one quarter of all adult women are illiterate.

Popular culture is a reliable indicator of a nation's mood. Most Turks are, frankly, profoundly anti-Western. They would like their country to join "Europe"—not

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because of any appreciation for its culture or institutions but because of the ability to migrate to any part of the European Union without hindrance—but they detest America with a passion. Irate villagers shouting abuse pelt U.S. soldiers with eggs on the road to the USAF base at Incirlik, and American trucks have to mount wire mesh over their windshields to protect them from rocks. Over 90 percent of all Turks oppose the war in Iraq. Turkish leftists and Muslims, usually at loggerheads, were united in chanting "death to America" in street demonstrations protesting the war.

Prime Minister Recep Tayyip Erdogan's Justice and Development Party is eager to downplay its Islamic roots, and such assurances are still blithely accepted in Washington. However, Turkey's "post-Islamist" government is very different from its secular predecessors in its outlook and assumptions and does not readily identify with the U.S. view of the world, in general, and its regional agenda, in particular. Turkey is not an "indispensable ally," as Paul Wolfowitz called her shortly before the war in Iraq. She is just another regional power with interests and aspirations that may or may not coincide with those of the United States.

—*Srdja Trifkovic*

CHRISTIANS IN IRAQ have faced continuous attacks since the U.S. invasion. On January 29, three people died and more than twenty were injured when bombers targeted six churches in coordinated attacks in Baghdad and Kirkuk as Sunday evening services ended. In Baghdad, Patriarch Emmanuel III missed the bombings by minutes as he was held up by security checks on his way to St. Mary's Catholic Church. Another bomb exploded near the Vatican mission in Baghdad. Muslims also attacked dozens of Christian students in Baghdad and in the northern city of Mosul.

Islamic militants have sought to drive out all Christians, mostly Catholic and Orthodox believers, for some time, continuing the exodus of one of the world's oldest Christian communities that began after the U.S. invasion of Iraq. In 2004, for example, a series of church attacks took place in Mosul and Baghdad, resulting in hundreds of casualties. At the same time, Christians have been targeted for kidnapping, their businesses destroyed, and their women forced to wear the Muslim veil. Many Christian university students, fearing for their lives, have stopped attending classes.

Even though Church leaders had encouraged their flock to stay in Iraq and preserve the ancient community, Latin Rite Archbishop Jean Sleiman told CNN that, as the violence against Christians has mounted, "immigration often seems the only way out of this inferno." Indeed, the Christian community in Iraq has steadily dwindled, with its numbers shrinking from somewhere near one million to somewhere between 500,000 and 700,000. Ironically, Syria, another state targeted by the Bush administration's neoconservative war party, has become a refuge for Christians driven from Iraq. Under Saddam Hussein's secular regime, Christians were relatively safe and free to practice their religion, even occupying posts in the state apparatus. Saddam's regime responded to the rise of militant Islam by simultaneously suppressing radical groups and enforcing Islamization measures to appease the faithful. With the advent of war and the toppling of the Ba'ath regime, however, Islamic forces that the Sunni strongman had held in check were unleashed. A teacher in Kirkuk commented to Reuters that, "Today, I'm afraid to walk the streets because I'm a Christian."

The latest anti-Christian attacks in Iraq have been linked by news media to a wave of worldwide violence following a Danish newspaper's publication of satirical cartoon depictions of Muhammad. As Islamic violence mounted around the world, threats to and attacks on Christians in Muslim lands have escalated. Palestinian militants, for instance, are threatening churches in the Israeli-occupied territories. The cartoon-related violence has also encouraged militants to redouble their attacks against Iraq's remaining Christians: Muslim clerics have reportedly issued *fatwas* to expel Christians from "streets, schools, and institutions."

Thus, whatever their views of the United States or their relations with the occupation authorities, both Sunni and Shiite Muslims have identified all Christians with the West, the United States, and the occupation. A group calling itself the Islamic Army of Iraq recently issued a statement demanding that "All people from religions other than Islam must stop their religious rituals in churches . . . because of their assault on Islam and Muslims." In Fallujah, a militant preacher made it clear that the Islamists saw Iraq's Christians as aliens, proclaiming "there is no difference" between "the sect of infidelity" (Christians) and "a Danish infidel or a French or British one."

The Christian flight from Iraq seems likely to accelerate as the country careens toward civil war between Sunnis and Shiites. At the same time, the Bush administration, not bound by law or even common sense, has helped bring on, with its insistence on "regime change" in Iraq and democratist utopianism, what sensible Middle East analysts had predicted: Islamic militant groups are winning electoral victories across the region, setting the stage for a kind of "regime change" the White House may not have anticipated. Christianity in the Middle East could well be snuffed out once and for all.

While Iraq's Christians are murdered, kidnapped, and forced to flee their homes and churches, the Praise Leader in Chief in the White House has ignored them, as have the Bush administration's ardent dispensationalist supporters, obsessed with their "end-times" theology and ignorant of the history of their own Faith. As the body count rises and the administration reloads for a new war, maybe these followers of the Prince of Peace should pause and ponder a timely question: *What would Jesus do?*

—*Wayne Allensworth*

OBITER DICTA: Our poet this month is **Catharine Savage Brosman**, professor emerita of French at Tulane University and honorary research professor at the University of Sheffield. She has published numerous works of poetry and prose, including *Range of Light* (forthcoming from LSU Press).

Our cover art is provided by **John Kezdy**. Mr. Kezdy holds a law degree from DePaul University and is a career prosecutor in the state of Illinois. He is also a founding member and lead vocalist of The Effigies, one of Chicago's first punk bands, which is putting the finishing touches on a new album.

Our interior art is provided by our designer, **Melanie Anderson**. Mrs. Anderson received her B.F.A. from Northern Illinois University.

Additional interior art is provided by **Elizabeth Wolf** and **Nick Garie**, who makes his *Chronicles* debut in this issue. Miss Wolf received her B.F.A. from the School of Art at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign and resides in Chicago. Mr. Garie, who works in a variety of media, hails from Rockford.

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by Thomas Fleming

Where the Ashley and the Cooper Rivers Meet . . .

Some 45 years ago, I was sitting in Washington Park, a quiet refuge in downtown Charleston defined by Broad, Meeting, and Chalmers Streets. The park was my favorite place to read and to engage in what was then every young man's hobby: brooding about girls. Sitting there, I became aware of an annoying presence—another student whom I knew slightly. As I got up to leave, he asked, "What are *you* doing here?"

Never one to resist a challenge, I replied, "What are *you* doing in *my* park?"

In truth, everyone who has ever lived in Charleston for some time has his own claim on the city, his own vision, and I cannot pretend that mine is better than anyone else's. Real cities, Charleston and Siena and Edinburgh, are a great deal like nations: Each has its own identity celebrated in songs and stories and a peculiar slant on history. After the Revolution, there were many such cities in America—Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, Baltimore and Charleston—but, by the early 20th century, cities and states in the North were being swamped by immigration and sacrificing their identity to the ravenous destructive changes they called progress. This is reflected in the dearth of folklore, historic sense, and celebration of, say, Rockford or Des Moines. Authentic cities have jokes that seem very much like ethnic jokes. *Why are Charlestonians like the Chinese? Both eat rice and worship their ancestors.*

People from a real place, whatever their politics, can be recognized by their manners and the way they dress. Stephen Colbert was once asked how he learned to play the super-straight guy on *The Daily Show*. He replied,

> I am a super straight guy. I grew up in Charleston, South Carolina, and I am perfectly comfortable in blue blazers, khaki pants, Brooks Brothers suits and regimental striped ties. It's just genetic. I love a cocktail party with completely vacuous conversation, because I grew up in it.

One of the most famous Charleston jokes was the observation of the jurist James Louis Petigru on the eve of the War Between the States: "South Carolina is too small to be a Republic and too large to be a lunatic asylum." Though Petigru is invariably described as a unionist, his devotion to the Union was based only on practical considerations. His young kinsman and protégé, James Johnston Pettigrew, was a Confederate hero.

Washington Park's only resident, the poet Henry Timrod, had studied law with Petigru, but he gave up law to pursue a career in classical studies, hoping to land a professorship that never materialized. The war destroyed his fragile health; Sherman destroyed his home and his job in Columbia; and Timrod lingered on after facing the death of his beloved son Willie. There is no telling what he might have done if the war had never happened or if Union generals had not been war criminals.

On the eve of the attack on Charleston, Timrod gives a memorable description of the city preparing for war, wondering if, come spring, the city will still "Rest in the strong arms of her palm-crowned isles, / As fair and free as now?" It was a rhetorical question. Charleston was about to endure one of the most brutal sieges ever inflicted on a great and civilized city. When Northern gunners trained their artillery on the spires of Charleston's historic churches, the steeples had to be painted black as if in mourning. The city was blockaded and first attacked by land in May 1862, but, incredibly, Charleston held out until the war was virtually over—bloodied, blackened, but unbowed. The story is told in one of the best books about the war, Milby Burton's *Siege of Charleston*. As a whippersnapper, I thought of Mr. Burton, the director of the Charleston Museum, as a tedious old windbag, and, by the time I began to realize what a superb historian he was, he was dead.

Timrod had grown up in Charleston's Golden Age, when William Gilmore Simms reigned supreme over a group of the younger men who gathered at Russell's Book Store—among them, Basil Gildersleeve and Timrod's good friend Paul Hamilton Hayne. Hayne was a nephew of Sen. Robert Hayne, who had engaged in a famous debate with Daniel Webster. Every American schoolboy used to know Hayne's speech, since it was included in a *McGuffey's Reader*. Paul Hayne was also a collateral descendant of Revolutionary War hero Col. Isaac Hayne, brutally executed by the British without a trial and over the protest of many loyalists. To complete the insult, Colonel Hayne was not given the dignity of a firing squad but was hanged like a common criminal. This was one of the most scandalous actions in a disgraceful campaign. On the way to his execution, Hayne had promised to return, and, for over a century, his footsteps were heard at night outside his house and climbing the stairs.

Although I went to the park to read French and English literature, I studied only the minimum of English literature. After my requirements were out of the way, I studied nothing but Greek, Latin, French, and German. Both of my Greek teachers, each an eccentric in his own way, impressed upon me that they had been taught by students of the greatest classical scholar America had produced, Basil Gildersleeve, and that I was therefore the heir to a rich tradition.

Gildersleeve was born in Charleston, the son of a Presbyterian minister who taught him Greek at the age of five and an Acadian mother who communicated to him her affection for Shakespeare and Walter Scott. He entered the College of Charleston in 1844 but left when the family moved to Richmond and eventually graduated from Princeton at the age of 17. The young Gildersleeve had always wanted to be a poet. "I only drifted into classical philology," he once remarked. "I am a *litterateur manqué*."

Gildersleeve's love of German literature led him to Berlin in 1850, where he became a student of the magisterial Greek scholar August Böckh. However, not find-

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ing the other American students—most of them Yankees—congenial, he moved to Göttingen to be with Charleston friends. After returning to America, he accepted a position as professor of Greek at the University of Virginia, but the war soon interrupted his philological career.

Gildersleeve said that he rode with Jeb Stuart in order to earn the right to teach Virginia's youth. Since he was seriously wounded and left with a permanent limp, his students later said they were always reminded of his valor by the "choliambic rhythm of his majestic gait." Gildersleeve, as a student of Greek meter, would have enjoyed the joke: The choliambic is otherwise known as the limping iambic. He taught for 21 years at UVA before accepting a position at the newly created Johns Hopkins, where his lofty manner, imposing presence, and long, white beard so impressed the students that they referred to him as "Zeus." Gildersleeve became not only the greatest classicist produced by America but probably the greatest American scholar in any branch of humane learning.

Gildersleeve was a dyed-in-the-wool Southern regionalist. He said, *apropos* of the Greek poet Pindar, that "The man whose love for his country knows no local roots is a man whose love for his country is a poor abstraction." He never ceased writing essays to defend the South, which he could not help seeing in classical terms. Already in 1867, Gildersleeve had noted the beginning of the war to eliminate Greek and Latin from the curriculum. The revolution picked up speed at President Eliot's Harvard when, early in the 20th century, all requirements but French were eliminated.

On the other hand, the College of Charleston—Gildersleeve's first *alma mater*—only at the end of the 1960's abolished the Greek and Latin requirements for any arts degree. Charleston's attachment to the classics was partly the result of Southern political conservatism, but it was as much the cause. Gildersleeve saw the matter clearly two years after the war, and he understood that the South's national identity, which derived sustenance from the classics, was threatened by the materialist and servile educational practices being imported from the Northeast.

The president of the College of Charleston, during my first two years, was George Grice. Dr. Grice was so deep-died a conservative that he regarded the John Birch Society as a nest of fellow travelers, and, with his flamboyant p.r. director, Jack Leland, he founded Charleston Alert, an organization whose purpose was to ferret out communists in Charleston County. I knew all the radicals quite well, and I have to say that, with their resources and tactical abilities, the Charleston Reds would not have been able to take over a West Ashley convenience store, much less the county.

Jack Leland went on to become a beloved columnist at the Charleston newspaper, and I used to see him at the annual Brick Church picnic near McClellanville. We would sit upon ancient tombstones, drinking cocktails and watching the little children play among the graves of their ancestors. Jack was a master of exaggeration, and, while his stories always contained a grain of truth, they did, as Huck Finn would say, include some stretchers. A few years later, when V.S. Naipaul was researching his dreadful and dishonest book on the South, I told him to go see Jack, which he did, and, gullible cynic that he is, Naipaul swallowed every one of Jack's stretchers hook, line, and sinker. Jack always said his tombstone would read, "Have One on Jack," and (as one of his relatives told me) they had drinks at the graveside.

I have sometimes thought that Charleston bred nothing but eccentrics. One bright afternoon, I went to the Library Society to see what they had of Heraclitus. As I entered the building with a friend, Samuel Gaillard Stoney was coming out. Mr. Stoney, with blazing eyes, his fine goatee, and the socks-and-sandals combination that he wore when riding about town on his bicycle, looked a bit like a bohemian Mephistopheles. "Well, boys," he asked in his usual self-dramatizing manner, "what are you doing, going to a library?" When we explained our purpose, he drew himself up, looked off into the distance, and said, "You know, I have lived over 70 years without ever reading Heraclitus, and I don't think it has hurt me one bit."

Sam Stoney was the embodiment of the Carolina Low Country. Architect, novelist, local historian, expert on the Gullah dialect, Mr. Stoney was said to know the story of every tree in Charleston. This was clearly an exaggeration, since I think his perfect knowledge probably only extended a block or two north of Calhoun Street. Naturally, I thought his ignorance of Heraclitus proof that he was a fool, a shallow local antiquarian who was only truly at home at evening receptions in Charleston, but he could have gone anywhere and succeeded at almost anything. Beneath the cheerful surface of his carefully designed persona, there was a brooding mind that knew all too well that he and his kind and the world they lived in were doomed. Only Evelyn Waugh could have done justice to such a character.

I did not spend all my time at the College studying Heraclitus. My first Greek professor recommended the Persian formula for a gentleman: "Ride a horse, shoot straight, and tell the truth," but he added that a Southern gentleman had to be able to drink bourbon whiskey, which he did in considerable abundance. Although I am a poor shot and a worse horseman, I have followed his advice.

South Carolina's drinking laws—a conspiracy between Baptists and bootleggers—could not be enforced in Charleston. Several of the saloonkeepers and bartenders were friends of mine—George Gruver at Henry's and John Canady (a former New York Giants linebacker), the proprietor of Big John's who once saved me from getting my just deserts after I picked a fight with a large and very homicidal U.S. Marine. Even John's imposing size did not deter the Marine, who, when told to leave, sneered: "You and who else is going to throw me out?" John replied, "Me and my friend," by which he meant not me but the .45 he pulled out from under the bar.

Charleston saloons were always the setting for memorable scenes, not all of them so life-threatening. As a freshman, I was challenged to a duel by a fellow student who did not appreciate my account of his family's arrival in South Carolina. This encounter, which would have taken its place in a series of local duels, was finally resolved when both parties agreed to some face-saving language that had been devised by our seconds.

As years went on, the would-be assassin and I became friends. He had been taken to Europe for some time after his high-school graduation, and he told me that, although he had seen many fine cities, he had seen nothing finer than Charleston. Although this statement, taken at face value, was an exaggeration, it is not ridiculous. The city has been around for 300 years, and much of it feels older and prettier than Paris and London. For a small city, it has witnessed an amazing amount of history—the wildness of its early decades as a frontier town, war and revolution, and more than once a cultural center in North America. My friend the duelist could understand the mind of the Sienese, who loved their city to the point of folly, better than any scholar who has never learned to love a place that is his home. Every great civilization is provincial.

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Indian Paintbrush

by Catharine Savage Brosman

To paint the western steppe, get rabbit-brush
and choose a palette: dusty blue, gray, green,
for sage and grasses, waving in a rush
of jester wind that plays across the scene;

next, yellow, lavender, and prairie white,
for primrose, hopsage, prickly pear in bloom;
and last, apply the brilliant carmine light
of Indian paintbrush, brandishing its plume.

In artistry, each petal, leaf, and bract
provides, by serendipitous design,
enticement—eye and insect drawn to fact
of cunning chemistry incarnadine.

Its flowers fit the tongue of hummingbird
that hovers by invisible decree;
the style and stamens shoot a verdant word
beside the sepals' scarlet poetry.

Resourceful, though a facultative guest,
it takes its beauty from the sagebrush root,
both parasite and ornament. The rest
is sun and rain and Kokopelli's flute,

which whistles from the mesa-tops to lead
imagination past the summer blaze,
and scatters glyphs of memory that bleed
among the playa stones in grief and praise.

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by Joseph Sobran

The Bush Legacy

Does anyone really remember what sort of president Bill Clinton was? Have we all forgotten his amazingly sordid character so soon?

He disgraced the Oval Office like no president before him; he was only the second to be impeached; he embarrassed America before the world; known as Slick Willie in his native Arkansas, he almost daily aggravated his own reputation for mendacity; having shunned military service, he finally found a niche he could safely occupy: commander in chief; he assembled a Cabinet (Janet Reno, Donna Shalala, Jocelyn Elders, Madeleine Albright, *etc.*) who "looked like America"—in a funhouse mirror; he was plausibly accused of molesting several women and even raping one; and he capped his long career of corruption with nakedly venal pardons of his criminal cronies.

No, we have not forgotten, not at all. But after five years of George W. Bush, we are perilously close to forgiving. We never thought we'd miss you, Bill! But we do!

Harold Meyerson of the *Washington Post* recently noted that of the three great disasters of those five years—the Iraq war, Hurricane Katrina, and the fiscally demented Medicare drug plan—two were Bush's own initiatives. Though incompetence isn't the worst of sins, Meyerson added, historians are likely to see it as "this president's defining attribute." Many Americans aren't waiting for the historians; they've already reached the same conclusion.

One American who doesn't see it this way is Fred Barnes, executive editor of the *Weekly Standard*. In a seven-page panegyric, he praises Bush for "redefining the American right" with a "new and different" philosophy of "strong-government conservatism." How does this differ from the "big-government conservatism" Barnes used to tout? And is it even "philosophically coherent"? "A fair question," Barnes concedes.

"Trying to categorize Bush conservatism," he goes on, "is difficult but not impossible." Actually, I think Meyerson gave it a reasonably good working definition: incompetence. Bush is not one to agonize over philosophical coherence; even syntactical coherence is a challenge for him, and he has never spent his nights poring over Burke, Oakeshott, or Russell Kirk. One glaringly obvious difference between America and France is that the French have a president who speaks fluent English.

Bush's achievements, according to Barnes, are these:

> He has thwarted terrorism, changed parts of the world forever, dominated Congress, curtailed federalism, won fundamental reforms, and treated critics as a nuisance—all of it made possible by a strong national government.

If all these count as accomplishments, one wonders, why not give him credit for Katrina, too?

Barnes finally hits pay dirt when he observes that Bush "is more the heir to Alexander Hamilton than to Thomas Jefferson." After all, the Republican Party itself is heir to the centralizing tradition of Hamilton, the Federalists, and the Whigs, and its first president not only usurped powers of Congress, expanded executive power, and arrested critics but decisively "curtailed federalism." Whereas Jefferson had declared the states "free and independent," Lincoln denied this and also ignored the words "consent of the governed."

But at least Lincoln had some sense of what he was doing; Bush appears unaware that there are any principles at stake. If he has "redefined the right," it is only because the right is ready to forget its own slogans and follow wherever his crude political calculation leads him. Such exegetes as the neoconservative Barnes, with Rupert Murdoch's money behind them, stand ready to explain this as a philosophical transformation of conservatism, even if it requires imputing cerebration to Bush.

Principled conservatives, therefore, are now recalling the Clinton years as a comparative golden age. They laugh at the irony of this, but they are serious. If only because of the constraints of a Congress in opposition, Clinton wasn't free to transgress against their principles as Bush has done in both domestic and foreign policy. It has taken this Republican president to revive socialism—not only in entitlement programs but in the form of total war, complete with the foreign "nation-building" he once scorned.

Bush favors democracy as long as it can be tempered by domestic spying. After the hysteria of September 11, he lost any realistic sense of limits on American, or his own, power. As John Laughland has put it, he has adopted a quasi-Marxist cant of global revolution. Rhetorical intemperance is his hallmark. Yet he continues to call himself a conservative.

And that is what should really concern us. Lyndon Johnson gave liberalism a bad name from which it has yet to recover. Bush may be doing the same for conservatism. And here the great irony is that he has achieved this not by governing too conservatively but, on the contrary, by governing like a liberal and calling *that* conservatism. This has allowed liberals to tag his worst excesses as "right-wing." His self-described conservative followers, like Barnes, have abetted the confusion.

Ubi Petrus, ibi ecclesia. If a fool in power chooses to call himself a conservative, then, in the popular mind, his follies will define conservatism. To this day, honest liberals will try to tell you that Johnson wasn't "really" a liberal, and maybe they have a point; but they labor in vain. So I can only pity any believer in limited, constitutional government who attempts, over the next generation, to persuade people that Bush wasn't "really" a conservative. To most people, this will sound like an evasive quibble, if not a contradiction in terms. As Samuel Johnson asks, "If Pope be not poetry, where is poetry to be found?"

Not for nothing did Sam Francis call Republicans the "stupid party." Many Republicans, such as Rush Limbaugh, suffer from the piteous delusion that they are conservatives. Is there an affordable cure for this condition, or do we need another expansion of Medicare?

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Importing Prosperity

Out-Babbitting Babbitt

by Clyde Wilson

When I first heard of the topic "Small Is Beautiful," I thought of the wonderful motto of Chilton Williamson's friend Edward Abbey: "Growth Is the Enemy of Progress." Abbey went right to the heart of the matter. The false but pervasive premise of American life is that progress and growth are the same thing and are defined and justified by increasing material wealth, which used to be called prosperity.

I would like to suggest a few contrary convictions about this matter. Not only does growth not necessarily result in progress, it does not necessarily result in prosperity, either. There is a problem with the measures we use for national and individual prosperity. Under today's conditions, the Economic Nation is an abstraction as far removed from flesh-and-blood Americans as is the Proposition Nation that supposes that anyone is an American who can sneak over the border and give lip service to a few carefully selected slogans.

Last year was the 75th anniversary of the publication of *I'll Take My Stand*, the Southern Agrarian manifesto. In a work that still commands attention, those twelve Southern gentlemen made a critique of what they called "industrialism" and its theme music, the Philosophy of Progress. They were not really opposed to progress—to things getting better. What they were condemning was what Abbey called Growth—the American commitment to the proposition that bigger is better, with no end in sight to the building of ever-more-gigantic institutions in which the real ends of human life are ever more compromised.

The picture becomes clearer when we look at *Who Owns America?*, the neglected sequel to *I'll Take My Stand*, in which Northern and British writers joined the Agrarians in pointing out, to wanderers in the economic wilderness of the 1930's, a humane path between the twin Leviathans, capitalism and socialism. They were severe critics of capitalism but, at the same time, champions of private property, which they regarded as the basis of civilization and liberty. How could that be?

They found defects of existing capitalism in two main areas: the abstractness of property and, thus, of responsibility; and a proclivity toward inhumane scale. Owning shares of stock in a corporation, which may be traded off before the end of the day, is a qualitative departure from having personal responsibility for production and payroll. As the Agrarians and Distributists saw it, ownership and work were alienated, and those who used to be our laboring fellow countrymen are now merely disposable factors of production. Capitalism had made property both abstract and too concentrated, though every sage, from the ancients to the American Founding Fathers, had taught that widespread ownership of real property was the only basis for a free and prosperous society, which inevitably was poisoned by great concentrations of wealth and the enervations of luxury.

The abstraction of ownership has proceeded much further today, when ownership has been removed several steps more from work and responsibility and is globalized—devoid of roots in any human community. In exactly what sense can we claim that a rising stock-market index signals growing prosperity for Americans, individually or nationally? What exactly does it measure? Who owns America?

The Agrarian/Distributist enemies of what they called capitalism also decried the gigantism that had accompanied its progress. Some presented hard evidence that great factories did not come into existence because they embodied economies of scale discovered by the free market. Indeed, a series of small factories scattered across the countryside could be shown in many cases to be more efficient. The overgrown, inhumane scale of workplace, living space, and mass culture that dominated American life resulted from choices—choices often made in the grip of a false assumption that bigger is always better. This assumption is not just an imposition on an unwilling people, however; it is, alas, a deeply rooted aspect of the American—or, if I may, the Yankee—national character.

The choices were made because the wielders of big capital had also wielded the biggest political influence. Alexander Hamilton's vision of government of, by, and for the wealthy had been realized. This is a central fact of American history that seldom reaches public notice. Wendell Berry has shown convincingly how big government and big business conspired to eliminate the family farm and foster agribusiness. It is equally true that the great industrial and financial fortunes of the 19th century were not created by the free market and the spirit of entrepreneurship but by the collusion of politicians and capitalists. John D. Rockefeller considered himself a public benefactor. As he saw it, he had rationalized a chaotic oil industry under his benevolent consolidated control.

He had achieved this primarily by bribing legislatures and using other slick maneuvers to gain control of the railroads, depriving independent producers of the means of distribution and forcing them into his cartel. It had little to do with the production of useful goods and services. Nobody hated Rockefeller more than the real free-market entrepreneurs who had risked and worked to get the oil out of the ground and make it useful. What kind of commonwealth is it where one Rockefeller carries more weight than any millions of us plain folk?

Rockefeller represents the American way—state capitalism. One of many strange delusions that mark American

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Clyde Wilson is a professor of history at the University of South Carolina, Columbia. This piece is drawn from his speech delivered at the 16th Annual Meeting of the John Randolph Club.

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public discourse is the idea that the Republican Party is the party of free enterprise. The Republican Party is and always has been the vehicle of state capitalism—by which I mean concentrated private ownership and profit fostered and protected by government. The Republican Party initiated and fought the bloodiest war in American history to do away with free trade and free banking, to foster the mass importation of cheap foreign labor, and to guarantee that big capital would get the lion's share of the vast available natural resources in the gift of politicians. What else was the politics of Hamilton, Henry Clay, and Lincoln about? Our state capitalist economy is very far from the ideal and the spirit of free enterprise, but it is often what is meant when we hear capitalism praised or condemned.

It is true, nonetheless, that America is a great exhibit of the success of free enterprise. Because of our abundant resources and the talent and energy of our people, a vast, productive and innovative free-enterprise economy has flourished—underneath and in spite of government and big business.

We used to know what was meant by prosperity—a general feeling of sufficiency and ease. By that measure, we are not very prosperous. We have statistical abstractions about *per capita* income or net worth that perhaps show more prosperity than in distant times, but they also show trends that do not offer comfort to any but the tiny fraction of the very rich.

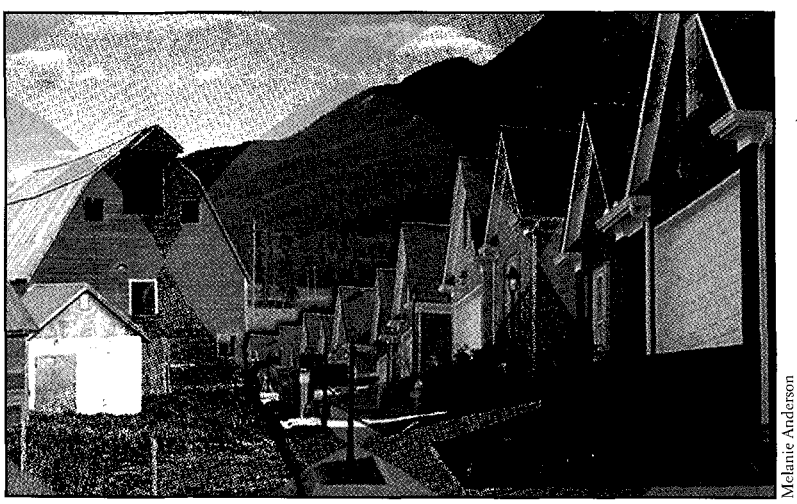
I began asking questions about progress after 40 years of viewing the condition of the people in the four Southern towns in which I have lived and others that I know about. The South has for a long time been out-Babbitting Babbitt, engaged in a desperate struggle to import prosperity by fawning over outside capital. We have flaunted our cheap resources and our cheap labor, offered special benefits of tax breaks and tax-paid infrastructure. We have even played along and flattered Yankee capitalists' pretenses of gentility and humanitarianism. One thing we actually have accomplished is to shift much of the cost of production to the local population in return for jobs with regular paychecks. It is easy to understand why we did this. Our wealth had been reduced by invasion and a century of economic exploitation by federal legislation. We were poor and without capital, and farming did not pay; and a promise of regular paychecks looked good to the local bankers and developers.

Are we more prosperous now? Perhaps we are a little more so—though, in the South, people are still paid about 75 percent of what the same job brings in the rest of the country. Perhaps the *per capita* income figures for the communities I mentioned are a little higher than they were a few decades ago. Is the community better off? There is no way of knowing, because it is no longer the same community or, indeed, any real community.

I have observed certain things about our Growth and Progress in the South. Nearly all of the best-paying and even middle-paying new jobs have been filled by people who have been imported from outside the region along with the capital, while the low-paying jobs go to the natives. Newcomers get the white-collar jobs. One does not encounter a blue-collar worker who is not a native white or, occasionally, black man. The affluent newcomers, usually calling themselves Republicans, demand public services at the munificent level to which they are accustomed and often, though not always, show contempt for all local ideas, manners, and traditions. (Let me pause in my Yankee-bashing and thank Heaven for the many good Northerners who have joined us in good faith and enriched the South throughout our history.)

The old Southern Democratic county commissioners knew of their people's hard life and were easy on taxes. The affluent newcomers have no such consideration, even though they presumably left the North to get away from the taxes their demands had imposed there. Taxation and inflation, in my observation, are literally destroying the prosperity and opportunity for upward mobility of most native working- and middle-class people.

In the county in which I live, families who have lived well off of the same land since the late 1600's have been forced to sell out because the taxes on their farmland are assessed at suburban values. In one of our South Carolina cities, carpetbagger residents of a rich gated community have demanded an undeveloped green space between themselves and the natives—supposedly for reasons of environment and civic virtue. The result has been to diminish the value of the property of hundreds of natives, property that their families settled almost three centuries ago and which is their only capital. I know also of a long-flourishing farm community that has been destroyed by pollution from one of the sought-after industries, with no compensation.



Melanie Anderson

Other Southern communities that sold out for payrolls have now had the payroll (much reduced, of course) moved to Mexico. The same has happened to many Northern communities, but there is a difference: The Southern communities never had the benefit of such a long prosperous period as the North had before the plug was pulled. In some communities, Mexicans have been imported for the jobs. A seldom-noticed fact is that Hispanics are now nearly ten percent of the population in the Carolinas and Georgia, and that figure is increasing with no end in sight. I doubt that this is a sign of our economic prosperity—rather the contrary. It is certainly a disaster in every other respect.

The small is beautiful, and the big is not. In a regime in which people are interchangeable consumers and factors of production, as similar and as movable as a row of checkers, statistics about the prosperity of an individual or a community or a state or the United States have little meaning. All we can really do is protect and nourish that small and beautiful thing which is ours, if we are lucky enough to have it. ◁

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An Invisible Border

Defending *Fausses Communautés*

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

The first question that comes to mind regarding the Minutemen movement is: "What do these people imagine they're actually *doing*, sitting camped out down there on lawn chairs on the Southwest border?"

The second is: "What do they mean to accomplish by doing it?"

I imagine a representative Minuteman's answer to the first question would be something like this: "Helping to repel the invasion of our country."

And his answer to the second: "The preservation of the security, identity, integrity, and future of the USA as we know it."

The first response is utterly straightforward, of course, but the second seems vague and ambivalent. What, for example, does a native-born American today understand by the phrase "our country"? The answer, naturally, is contingent on what he considers her "identity" to be. Both are determined by what region of America he inhabits, what city or town, his class and ethnic origins, family history, and so forth. Continental America, as my late friend the historian Francis Russell used to say, is really an empire by herself and has been for most of her history, including that time when America was herself part of another empire.

As we glean from news reports, the Minutemen have been drawn to the Southwest border (and, since last fall, the Northern one as well) from all over the United States. Socially and ethnically, they are much less diverse. Judging from photos and interviews, most of them are White Anglo-Saxon Protestants, retired, gray-haired, paunchy, more often male than female, but often men with their wives along for support and company; a substantial proportion of them are ex-law-enforcement and ex-military people.

Security and *integrity* are certainly unambiguous concepts for anyone facing hundreds of desperate savages trampling the mesquite and cholla desert every night on their illegal stampede into the United States. But *country* and *identity* are much more subjective, even for patriots drawn from a socially homogeneous population. How would they be likely to answer if asked to explain what they mean by these terms?

My guess is that it would be the rare Minuteman who had an answer at all. The few who did would probably not cite the preservation of a "shared community" or "national community" as a concern. For one thing, *community*, a buzzword in intellectual and academic circles, is a term foreign to ordinary people, except in the context of "community blood drive" or "community college." For another, community, as a matter of fact, no longer exists in the United States today.

Chilton Williamson, Jr., is Chronicles' *senior editor for books. This piece is drawn from his speech delivered at the 16th Annual Meeting of the John Randolph Club.*

Community is shared character, and character is a coherent face wearing a coherent expression. About the closest a Minuteman could likely come to expressing such a thing is in racial and ethnic terms—which everyone, including Minutemen, has been browbeaten and threatened against doing, including by a hostile media waiting for an excuse to demand that the National Guard be hauled back from the Syria-Iraqi border to secure the U.S. border against the Minutemen. In any case, race, a notoriously inexact and mercurial concept, is hardly the defining consideration here—even though, broadly categorized, it *is* the fundamental one.

Rather, community is a function of size and of isolation, both cultural and spatial, related to the wider world by connections—or the lack of them—that emphasize and assure its discreteness and independence. Communities can be either larger or smaller, by comparison with other communities from which they wish to remain discrete. For instance, a small town might decide to preserve its identity through separation from an encroaching suburb; or a borough, such as Staten Island, might wish to secede from New York City. Similarly, a superpower, such as the United States, may decide to resist fusionist tendencies with a lesser nation, such as Mexico—just as Mexico, historically, has resisted cultural and political imperialism on the part of the United States. The problem is that, in an age of mass communication, mass culture, political centralization, and globalization, the spatial and cultural isolation that makes community possible is itself nearly impossible. One way or another, it is unlikely that the average Minuteman has any true idea of community, for the simple reason that he has never been given the chance to experience it. For him, community would denote ethnicity, first of all, and, secondly, what he might call "our American system of government," or what intellectuals call *nationalism*. There is nothing amiss, to my way of thinking, in resistance by European-Americans to being overrun by tides of *Indio* invaders from the south, nor in preferring to retain the American political tradition in preference to its cruelly savage, violent, and corrupt Mexican counterpart. All the same, we need to bear in mind that George Bush's and Dick Cheney's (or even, for that matter, Teddy Roosevelt's) nationalism is profoundly anticommunity—and, therefore, anticivilization and antihuman.

If community no longer exists in America, it is because it cannot exist; the conditions necessary to its existence have been destroyed. Jeffrey Hart, writing in the *New Criterion*, claims that only one country, the United States, has ever produced a conservative movement. Be that as it may, it is certain that Bill Buckley and his editors, from the start, intended *National Review* to serve as both the creator and the center of a new conservative community in America. We have all seen how that hope turned out. And not, primarily, because the evil

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neoconservatives stole conservatism away from Buckley and his gang, but because *National Review* chose to be the center of a political movement and not of a true community. A political movement, as such, can never be a community, as a political system can never be a civilization. Buckley, at the start of his career, understood that politics is not an end in itself but a means toward sustaining civilization, with all its intellectual and artistic achievements. Unfortunately, he lost sight of that maxim, and what can be said of Buckley goes in spades for the conservative movement as it developed from—or rather, away from—*National Review*.

It is unfair, of course, to single out conservatives solely for blame: American liberals are just as bad. During a trip to Rome last fall, I could not help reflecting on how, despite the Italians' congenital inability to act politically, Italian civilization has always remained magisterially unaffected by political and social turmoil. In Italy, civilization, now as ever, absorbs politics. In contrast to Italy, we have America, where politics, almost from the beginning of the Republic, has swallowed civilization. In America, unlike in Italy, the Marxist slogan "Everything is political!" has been wholly realized. Not even an Italian communist really believes *that*! But, adopted first by the American left, and more recently by the American right, that slogan has become the governing maxim of the modern American consciousness.

I clearly recall, as a Form One student at the Trinity School in New York City, the intense indignation I felt on hearing the English teacher explain how Carol Kennicott, escaping from Gopher Prairie to Washington, D.C., discovers that Washington and Gopher Prairie are really only one and the same place. Surely that was not what Sinclair Lewis meant to say! Forty-five years later, I am able to recognize—from the perspective of a reversed cultural sympathy—that Laramie, Wyoming, if not the same place as Washington, is part at least of the same civilization, so-called, as Washington. It took me many years to discover this appalling fact—perhaps because, in the quarter-century since I moved West, the culture of the rural West has come more and more to resemble that of the suburban East. Westerners, after all, watch the same TV shows, rent the same movies, read—or don't read—many of the same books and magazines as Easterners do. The Western public and political class models itself, by and large, on the Eastern one, whose materialist-progressive philosophy it shares and to which it aspires. The Vice President of the United States, who is also one of the architects of the Iraq war, though born in Nebraska, grew up in Cheyenne. Twenty years ago, I ran into Dick Cheney on the steps of Luigi's Supper Club in Diamondville, Wyoming, and had the honor of shaking the congressman's flabby hand. I can assure you, the Virginian or George Scarborough, Mr. Cheney is not.

After 25 years in Wyoming, I cannot say I have found "community" here. I no longer take much interest in state and local government, where, it seems to me, the issues are just as false and trivial and overall progressive as they are at the federal level and where the ranching community is well satisfied by George W. Bush's land and agricultural policies, which have taken the wind out of the Sagebrush Rebellion's sails. I love the West essentially for the land itself, not for its people, who seem to me no better, though certainly no worse, than Americans living anywhere, and of whom the best I can say is that, by comparison with Missourians or Ohioans, there are a lot fewer of them. The mass man is spread all around America, in more or less equal proportions.

I am glad Tom Tancredo is fighting immigration in the House, tooth and nail, and I wish we had more like him in politics. He is fighting a fight that we must fight, if only for the sake of honorable resistance. But he—and the Minutemen—are not fighting for the most important thing: the real, the true, the lost America. If they were fighting for that thing, then it would mean we already had it, and the immigration wars would have been won, and the immigration question, settled—on our terms—a full generation or two ago.

One of the most depressing phenomena of modern times is the scorn conservatives have for the arts, for learning, for philosophic thought. If civilization is to be sacrificed to conservative politics while the conservative movement fights its puny and mostly futile battles, what civilization remains for the conservative movement to conserve?

I suppose you could say that *Chronicles* readers are a community, of a sort. If so, we are an awfully small one, bound together by an essentially mental connection. On the other hand, it may be that communities of mind—including, most importantly, those of faith—are the only community available to us, in a world in which, as Claude Polin wrote in *Chronicles* recently, the sole bond between citizens is the commercial nexus. And if they seem, to an extent, to be *fausses communautés*, they may also be the start of something bigger, more developed, more realized, more complex, that in time will be real communities and not false ones at all.

I have often thought that the most realized community in the United States is the secular-progressive public class, including all secular-progressive-utopians from Hillary Clinton to the public librarian in Alliance, Nebraska. These people do have community, or at least we can say theirs is a virtual community with a certain dimensionality to it. The same might be said of the conservative movement, were it not so tiny, relatively speaking, as well as being a career, as opposed to a social, community. Also, if it had any interest in the world beyond party politics—and politics inside the Beltway, at that!

One of the most depressing phenomena of modern times is the scorn and impatience conservatives have for the arts, for learning, for philosophic thought—apparently on the grounds that, in what Bob Tyrrell calls "the continuing crisis," serious

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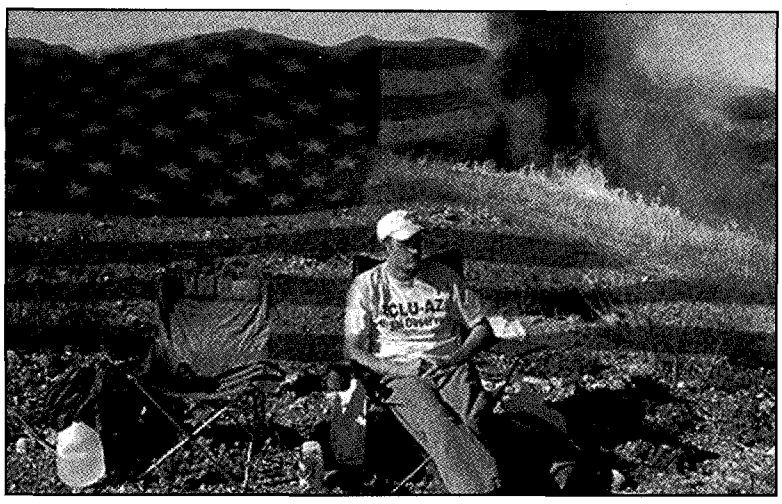


Melanie Anderson

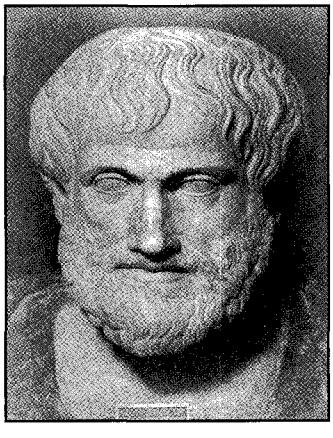
conservatives have no time to waste in the appreciation, let alone the creation, of literature, music, the fine arts, philosophy. They are too busy making the world safe for democratic capitalism! Of course, this is putting the cart before the horse. If civilization is to be sacrificed to conservative politics while the conservative movement fights its puny and mostly futile battles, then what civilization remains for the conservative movement to conserve?

I am wondering, at this point, whether I have succeeded in adding anything at all to Albert Jay Nock's concept of "the remnant," by which he meant the sum total of those individuals who, being "educable" in the sense of having the "ability to see things as they are," are, for that reason, superfluous to a culture dedicated exclusively to production, commerce, and economism. But Nock seems not to have imagined these scattered individuals as a community in any sense of the word. Nor does he appear to have discerned among them that communion of which A.D. Sertillanges speaks in his beautiful book, *The Intellectual Life*, when he writes:

> The unanimity which bears fruit consists not so much in being together in one place, or belonging to a group with a label, as in this: That each one should labour with the feeling that the others also are labouring, that each one in his place should concentrate on the work while others also are concentrating: so that one task be accomplished, that one principle of life and activity be its guiding spirit; and that the parts of the watch, to each of which a home worker devotes his exclusive attention, be put together by God.

Certainly, Nock had no notion of the remnant consisting of people actively and regularly in touch, observing and commenting to one another on the catastrophic events engulfing their world, biding their time, and planning to make their move at the favorable moment.

No such thing, naturally, would or could have occurred to a man who refused to follow the newspapers for the reason that he had foreseen the present train of disasters decades ahead of the actual events, and had no reason, therefore, to waste his time in revisiting them as they unfolded under his nose. But the John Randolph Club, *Chronicles* readers, and other elements of our own remnant differ, in one way at least, from Nock and his. Even in Laramie, Wyoming, we do read the newspapers. ◁C▷



The Greek Conservative Mind

The Greeks invented political philosophy . . . but not out of thin air

The ancient Greeks liberated themselves from the shackles of religion and tradition to pursue a dream of democracy, equality, and human rights. Right?

Wrong. We do well to remember the Greeks as they really were: their aristocratic pursuit of virtue, their general disdain for democracy, and their strong attachments to family and religion.

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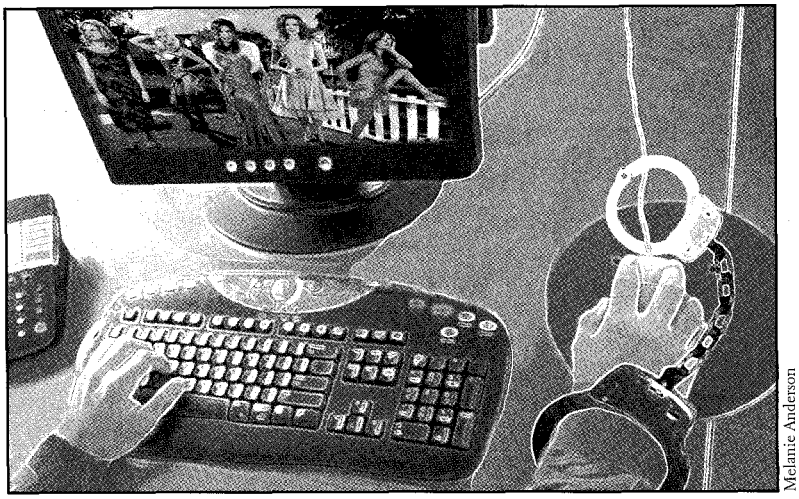
Anywhere But Here

The Dark Imaginations of eSlavery

by Aaron D. Wolf

"Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools . . . "
—Romans 1:22



Melanie Anderson

Man, by nature, is limited by time, space, and biology. I can only be where I am, live for my appointed time, and accomplish what I am physically capable of accomplishing—which, according to the natural order, means, chiefly, having a wife and children and providing for them. I am my father's son, a product of my family, of the place of my birth, of the contours of the land of my birth. Proper cultivation, culture, inculcates the habit of living in harmony with nature, with the world as God made it. That world is small, and, though marred by the Curse, it remains beautiful.

The Scriptures reflect the natural order and man's place within it. "All flesh is as grass," writes Isaiah, and "the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth." God's will, on a very basic level, and apart from the greater issue of sin and redemption, is for man to conform to his place. The Decalogue warns us not to imagine ourselves outside of our place—whether by making false gods to worship, or by murdering, or by coveting our neighbor's wife.

But this is precisely where our Enlightened Age went off the rails. The *philosophes* wished to be gods, knowing good from evil. They said, together with their master, "I will be like the Most High." And so they began to disrupt that "harmony," as Wendell Berry says, "of the inescapable dialogue between culture and nature." Their concepts of man-in-the-state-of-nature, or man-in-the-state, was, as Saint Paul put it in Romans 1, idolatry.

In the face of all of the evil unleashed throughout our "enlightened" age, we often hear conservatives warn that God's judgment must not be far off. "If we don't repent of [abortion, "gay marriage," human cloning], God's gonna judge this nation!" The assumption behind this fear is that what we are witnessing in Western society is man at his worst. The sad reality is that, in preparation for that Great Day, God is already judging the American people, by withdrawing a portion of His restraint. For at least a century, God has been pouring out bowl after bowl of judgment on our society, giving Western man over to his "vile affections," allowing him to enslave himself further through advanced "knowledge" of the workings of nature which, taken apart from the created order, produce only mutation, sickness, and death. This is the "sorcery, murder, theft, and fornication" of which Saint John speaks in the Apocalypse.

For the last century, our rulers have been on a quest to destroy our natural relationship to the created order—time, space, and biology—through technology. In his essay "The Abolition of Man," C.S. Lewis provides three examples of this sorcery: the airplane, the radio, and the contraceptive. These attempts at conquering nature are, in fact, instruments of human control, even slavery. "As regards the powers manifested in the aeroplane and the wireless, Man is as much the patient or subject as the possessor, since he is the target both for bombs and for propaganda." Concerning contraceptives, Lewis continues, "there is a paradoxical, negative sense in which all possible future generations are the patients and subjects of a power wielded by those already alive."

The airplane gives us the illusion of "mobility," causing us to believe that we have eliminated, to some extent, the constraints of space and time. When your son or daughter achieves success, he is said to be "going places." But unmasked, "upward mobility" means hating the soil on which I was born and leav-

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ing it behind as quickly as possible. It means throwing off the "shackles" of living in close proximity to our parents, grandparents, and children; yet we remain "free" to visit them, as one does monkeys at a zoo, whenever we wish—perhaps on one of the many three-day weekends our government graciously grants us. It means that rootless man is taught from an early age that love for his native people and place is something to be despised and that "provincialism" is a relic of an unenlightened past.

In 1930, Andrew Lytle knew that the automobile and the highway system had already accomplished this. "The good-road programs drive like a flying wedge and split the heart of this provincialism—which prefers religion to science, handcrafts to technology, the inertia of the fields to the acceleration of industry, and leisure to nervous prostration."

The appeal to the loss of leisure seems strange in today's culture. After all, aren't we a people of leisure "amusing ourselves to death"? Not really, because outside a harmonious relationship to nature, our pretended leisure can only lead to "nervous prostration." But thanks to electricity and satellites blasting through the ether above us, we now have hour upon hour of nervous prostration awaiting us in our cars, living rooms, and offices. Lewis feared the "wireless," and Mr. Lytle, the "radio salesman" who makes use of the good-roads system and "descends to take away the farmer's money." Could they have imagined the horrors of today's enslaving technology?

From a God's-eye view above the towns of America, every evening at eight, seven Central and Mountain, millions of people are sitting on their couches and easy chairs, staring at the wall in silence. Stroll down the streets of any subdivision in any neighborhood, North or South, East or West, after darkness falls, and what do you see? Green lights flash through the curtains of the picture windows in every living room and, increasingly, out of the bedroom windows of children. Televisions, turned on as families walk through their front doors every day, stay on throughout the evening, with thousands of images flowing into the minds of fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters. The noise is a constant drone in the background, stealing away precious hours of the fleeting time granted to each man in his lifetime and lulling him to sleep at night. Liberty—the liberty of choice—is measured in terms of the question, *Digital cable or satellite dish?*

The content of these images and sounds is often the subject of fierce debate and passionate polemics among the state's conservative and liberal factions. Faxes flow through machines in think tanks and congresspersons' offices: "Christian Morality Center Condemns Blatant Attack on Family Values: Tonight's episode of *The Sodomy Girls* contains three sexually suggestive scenes, as well as two *hells* and one *damn*."

So we devise our V-Chips, or read our favorite conservative reviewer's Meese-Commission-style analysis of the program, or turn over to the Trinity Broadcasting Network, in hopes of securing Quality Entertainment with High Production Values. What we fail to do is to question the thing itself—that droning machine of plastic and metal that relays images from centralized and anarcho-tyrannical networks located far away in New York or Los Angeles or anywhere that is somewhere else. Those networks give us our news, tell us what we ought to believe about the world, who "we" are as a "nation," which of "our stories" are important, what CDs and DVDs and computers and automobiles and vacations we should buy, and generally occupy our thoughts during our "leisure time."

When our thoughts are not occupied by the flashing picture tube or plasma screen and surround-sound speakers, they are being pummeled by the sounds of electronically recorded music. After I turn off the TV in the morning, I can hop into my car and listen to the radio or CDs while I commute to work. If I am conservative, I thank God that I am not like the publican in the car next to me, with his subwoofer pounding away at the local noise ordinance; no, I have burned a special CD of my own favorite music, reflecting my taste. Perhaps my music is Thought-Provoking Pop, the Wisdom of Bono—intellectual stuff, very serious. Or perhaps I am above all popular music, with only Bach cantatas and Palestrina Masses in my machine. But have I ever stopped to consider this medium of recorded music that interrupts my otherwise silent moments? Is music—the melody, harmony, and rhythm of the scale of nature, organized by skilled human hands and voices—meant to be enjoyed in this manner, which is to say, consumed? Is this freedom, to have so much at my fingertips and so little in my heart to love? Furthermore, is it freedom to rely on others, from distant lands, who were capable of successfully selling themselves to record-company executives, who answer to CEOs, who answer to shareholders—is it freedom to be dependent on them for the music that fills my thoughts and imagination?

The already dehumanized modern workplace is another place where men and women sit and stare at screens. Extensive bookkeeping, which is what so much time spent on the computer amounts to, is itself, as Mr. Lytle taught us, the product of modernization, of placing a crude monetary or numeric value on things that used to have intrinsic worth. Today, we cannot operate without computers, which must be upgraded constantly, at great expense, in order to free them of man-made viruses and man-made obsolescence. We cannot communicate without electronic mail, because our everyday communications are not face-to-face, because we imagine that we have conquered space. Letters can be lost, burned up in house fires, or discarded; yet letters, because they are by their very nature more difficult to produce, more permanent in construction, are saved, cherished, reread, preserved. E-mail "goes down" in one fell swoop; hard drives fail, and messages are lost forever; CD backups are scratched and become instantly useless.

The internet and the World Wide Web are the ultimate pretended elimination of space. As broadband makes its way across the world like the TVA made its way through Tennessee, like the railroads and the Interstate Highway System made their way across the United States, there is seemingly no limit to the transfer of "information." Travelers on the "information superhighway" can remain as anonymous as they wish and go wherever they like, ostensibly undetected. And the number-one use of this space-eliminating technology is the production and consumption of pornography. God gave us over to "vile affections" and now, to the tune of $54 billion per year, *username: anonymous* is free to dishonor his body in a dark room, in the glow of his LCD screen.

I can also join an "online community," in which I can pretend to fellowship with those I will never see, never hear, and never know. By presenting an electronic impression of myself in a chat room, or on a message board, I can live in an illusory global village, in which all judgments on me and my character are limited to the version of myself that I have chosen to portray—and can eliminate, by unsubscribing, if someone should make me uncomfortable. These relationships happen not of necessity, in a community in which I must foster harmony in

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order to live, but as a form of entertainment.

There are conservative solutions, of course. I can set up Google so that it only performs "safe searches." I can program my e-mail so that most of the "male enlrgmant" and "hot underrage girrl" messages go into my junk box. But what guarantees that Google's "safe search" yields for me that which is true, lovely, honorable, and of good report? Furthermore, this "virtual reality" is capable of consuming all of my thoughts, making every question and whim something that I can satisfy "on demand," with one click of the mouse. Without memory, without soil, without kin and community, all of this information has no context, amounting to nothing, a chasing after the ether. In this virtual reality, there is the illusion of freedom. We call this realm "cyberspace," which derives from the not-very-ancient word *cybernetics*, which, according to Webster's, is "the science of communications and automatic control in both machines and living things."

The hallmark of our servile society is rootlessness, fickleness, and the incapability of sustained thinking, deep feeling, and imagination. The authority that once characterized churches in the Western tradition, Protestant and Catholic, must now yield to the consumer whose every thought is captive to the eCulture. Clergy of all stripes must wrestle with the question, *How do we penetrate this barrier?* And far too many have attempted to join the ranks of what C.S. Lewis called "the Conditioners"—those who mass-produce the thought-products for modern Western man to consume. It is easy to identify the larger-than-life, hideous culprits: Bill Hybels and his Willow Creek model of the contemporary, feel-good church; Rick Warren with his Tony Robbins-style "purpose-driven" life; and Joel Osteen grinning and guaranteeing "your best life, now!" But beyond these empty smiles are thousands of small, traditional parishes that are toying with subtle changes to the "way things have always been done." Modern man does not want to be stuck in his parish church; he does not want to be hammered with God's Law and offered a crucified, bleeding Savior for his sins. And, after all, did God really say that a little modern music in church is wrong? Can't I "connect" better with each and every seeker, if he sees me on a large television screen hoisted up on the wall? Aren't we supposed to "be all things to all men" that we might "win some"?

This is the Babylon that our Enlightened masters have built, the latest incarnation of the "Great Whore . . . with whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication." She hates nature and the simplicity and smallness of life, because she hates nature's God, and she is "drunk with the blood of the saints and the blood of the martyrs of Jesus." She sits on an expansive global community, for, as Saint John records, "the waters that you saw, where the harlot is seated, are peoples and multitudes and nations and tongues." Her grip on the minds of men and women is strong; however, when this culture begins to fall, which is inevitable, her slavery will fall with her. "And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her; for no man buyeth their merchandise any more: The merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and . . . chariots, and slaves . . . the souls of men."

"How may the Southerner take hold of his Tradition?" asks Allen Tate. "The answer is, by violence." This is still true, especially in a spiritual sense. Ridding oneself and one's family of the chains of modern life often requires violent amputations. It is difficult for many to live without the soothing flashes of the picture tube, or to force yourself to remain rooted in your family's soil, or to turn aside from ether relationships to the honesty of life among kin. And, in some ways, it is dangerous to go on a fundamentalist rampage, destroying televisions and computers, exorcising the present demons. Without replacing these creatures, we leave the house swept and ready for each spirit to return with seven others and take up permanent residence.

Wendell Berry writes, "If we want our forests to last, then we must make wood products that last, for our forests are more threatened by shoddy workmanship than by clear-cutting or by fire." Similarly, families and households are in greater danger from "shoddy fathers" than they are from the fires of MTV or of instant messaging. It is one thing to kick in the television set, but what happens afterward, in the silence that follows? Love for that which naturally surrounds us, in the smallest of spaces, is what is missing, and its absence creates the vacuum that eSlavery is so eager to fill.

Lewis mentions contraception as one of the wicked modern attempts at "conquering nature." But this desire to conquer one's own fecundity and human legacy arises from a (perhaps unwitting) hatred of babies—and hatred for one's place in the natural order, which is hatred for God. Berry says it this way: "Perhaps the greatest immediate danger lies in our dislike of ourselves as a species. . . . We must come to terms with the fact that it is not natural to be disloyal to one's own kind."

Hatred of one's own kind—of wife, children, parents, kin, friends, colleagues, masters, servants—is the heart of eSlavery. In C.S. Lewis's *The Screwtape Letters*, the master tempter Uncle Screwtape advises the young devil, Wormwood, that love for the immediate is disastrous for their infernal cause.

> The great thing is to direct the malice to his immediate neighbors whom he meets every day and to thrust his benevolence out to the remote circumference, to people he does not know. The malice thus becomes wholly real and the benevolence, largely imaginary. There is no good at all in inflaming his hatred of the Germans if, at the same time, a pernicious habit of charity is growing up between him and his mother, his employer, and the man he meets in the train.

Conversely, Thomas Fleming writes, "Charity, so it is said, begins at home. It then radiates outward in ever broader and weaker concentric rings until it encompasses the widest human horizons a person is willing to acknowledge."

God, with His still, small voice, is still found in the little things, in the space that surrounds us, in the Creation and in procreation. Telling our stories to our own people, our own children, helps to break the hold of network and satellite television—the Devil's stories, from far away. "Taking down the fiddle," as Mr. Lytle said, and making our own "small" music drops the shackles that bind us to recordings made by unbelievers and strangers for the shareholder's profit. Loving reality, not virtual reality, breaks the shackles of eSlavery, the modern culture that wars against God and multiplies sin, sickness, and death. Until the end, that culture will continue to receive judgment from the hands of God, as He withdraws His restraint on evil, allowing man to discover new sorceries and enslave himself all the more. And, if we do consider the greater reality of sin and redemption, the truth of the Incarnation is the ultimate witness to the beauty of smallness, demonstrating that, under the veil of darkness, God is found lying in Bethlehem's manger, among the lowly, the least of His Creation.

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China and the North Korean Nuclear Crisis

Carrots and Sticks

by Ted Galen Carpenter

Since the North Korean nuclear crisis began in October 2002, Washington has believed that China is the key to solving the problem. The Bush administration has indicated repeatedly that it expects the PRC to exert whatever diplomatic and economic pressure is needed to get North Korea to abandon her nuclear ambitions. From time to time, frustration has surfaced in Washington that China has not done more to pressure her neighbor. Robert Joseph, under secretary of state for arms control and international security, has perhaps been the most direct, saying that the administration believes "China can do more to get [the North Koreans] to eliminate their nuclear weapons program." He observed that Beijing had "a number of tools" to use to influence Pyongyang and warned that, if China did not act more forcefully, "there possibly could be very significant consequences for U.S.-Chinese relations."

Christopher Hill, assistant secretary of state for East Asian and Pacific affairs, has been a little more oblique than Joseph in his criticism. Responding to a question from Richard Lugar, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Hill said, "I agree with you that China has been reluctant to use the full range of leverage that we believe China has." The annual report of the U.S-China Economic and Security Review Commission, issued in November 2005, expresses similar complaints.

Some hawks outside the Bush administration go beyond just assuming that Beijing has failed to use the leverage it has to get North Korea to give up its quest for nuclear weapons. They charge that China is in league with the North Koreans and would not mind seeing a nuclear-armed North Korea. Former congressional staffer William C. Triplett II states bluntly that "the idea that Beijing shares our desire for a nuclear weapons free Korean Peninsula is nothing more than a dangerous self-delusion." Triplett alleges further that, if the Chinese "disapproved of North Korea's WMD activities, they could end them with a telephone call."

Rep. Henry Hyde (R-IL), chairman of the House International Relations Committee, offers an interpretation of Beijing's conduct that is only a shade less caustic and conspiratorial:

> China's actions have fallen between offering begrudging help and doing outright harm. In North Korea, China possesses vastly greater influence than it modestly claims and could, if it wished, bring far greater pressure on a regime that would in all likelihood be unable to survive without China's support and the unobstructed transit of food and fuel across their shared border. And yet despite repeated requests, China has brought only the mildest pressure to bear on Pyongyang, and with very limited results. Frustrating the United States in its efforts and entangling it indefinitely may have its attractions to Beijing, but the result has been to allow and even encourage a dangerous and unpredictable regime to progress in its deadly efforts.

Although most examples of such accusations come from conservatives, that is not universally true. Liberal *New York Times* columnist Thomas L. Friedman sounds very much like Triplett and Hyde in his assessment of Beijing's role:

> North Korea's nuclear program could be stopped tomorrow by the country that provides half of North Korea's energy and one-third of its food supplies—and that is China. All China has to say to Kim Jong Il is "You will shut down your nuclear weapons program and put all of your reactors under international inspection, or we will turn off your lights, cut off your heat, and put your whole country on a diet. Have we made ourselves clear?" One thing we know about China—it knows how to play hardball when it wants to, and if China ever played hardball that way with North Korea, the proliferation threat from Pyongyang would be over.

Such criticism contains at most a kernel of truth. Beijing may not be overly upset that Pyongyang's behavior discomfits the United States and allows China to play the role as essential diplomatic broker in the region. Some Chinese officials also may be enjoying how the North Korean issue has sowed dissension in the U.S.-South Korean relationship. If Seoul begins to loosen its close ties with the United States, China is likely to be the principal beneficiary. (Given the historical Korean antipathy toward Japan, South Korea is unlikely to look to that country as a substitute for her partnership with the United States.)

Most evidence suggests, however, that, while China may not be above fishing in troubled waters, Beijing is not eager to see nuclear weapons introduced on the Korean peninsula. Among other drawbacks, such a development would increase the chance that Japan would respond by building a deterrent of her own, and a nuclear-armed Japan is the last thing China wants to see.

Contrary to the expressions of impatience coming from U.S.

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officials—and decidedly contrary to the conspiracy theories peddled by those who contend that Beijing is facilitating North Korea's nuclear ambitions—China has played a reasonably constructive role in trying to resolve the crisis. Indeed, Beijing has abandoned its usual pattern of diplomatic caution in international affairs and has displayed a virtually unprecedented degree of activism on this issue. Moreover, what progress has occurred (and, admittedly, it has been quite modest) is largely the result of the PRC's patient initiatives.

Until the spring of 2003, Pyongyang had adamantly insisted on bilateral talks with the United States despite the U.S. insistence on a multilateral format. North Korea finally broke the diplomatic impasse in early April, dropping her demand for one-on-one negotiations with the United States. It appears that it was pressure from Beijing that induced Pyongyang to give up its insistence on bilateral talks. The talks that opened in the Chinese capital later that month were actually closer to the format that North Korea wanted than the comprehensive, six-nation format the United States was pushing. Although the Beijing negotiations were technically trilateral (North Korea, the United States, and the PRC), the Chinese acted more as hosts and moderators than as full-fledged parties to the proceedings.

In any event, the talks did not turn out well. Indeed, the sessions degenerated into little more than an exchange of already familiar demands by the two sides, with the Chinese uncomfortably caught in the middle. The acrimony culminated when the North Korean delegation reportedly informed their American counterparts that the DPRK already had nuclear weapons and was prepared to test them or sell them to other parties if the United States did not back away from her threatening, confrontational policy. The talks ended after three days with no visible signs of progress. Although the Chinese tried their best to portray the outcome in a reasonably favorable light, it was clear that the negotiations had not brought the crisis much closer to resolution.

The PRC did not abandon her diplomatic efforts, however. China continued to pressure North Korea to agree to a new round of multilateral talks, and, in July, Pyongyang finally relented. According to journalist Willy Wo-Lap Lam, PRC President Hu Jintao made it clear that Pyongyang must dismantle its nuclear-weapons program, or Beijing's ability—and willingness—to aid its neighbor's ailing economy would be severely hampered. The Chinese president also indicated that, as much as he and other officials valued China's traditional close ties with Pyongyang, Beijing had no realistic choice but to work with the international community to ensure the denuclearization of the Korean peninsula. Sources told Lam that Hu's "near ultimatum" was a key factor in Kim Jong Il's decision to return to the negotiating table.

The new round of talks took place in Beijing at the end of August, and, this time, they were six-party talks involving Japan, South Korea, and Russia as well as North Korea, the United States, and China. Responding to the PRC's lobbying, Washington made a limited concession, agreeing that "informal" bilateral discussions between U.S. and DPRK diplomats could take place within the context of the multilateral negotiations.

The initial round of the six-party talks merely produced another impasse. North Korea again threatened to test a nuclear weapon if the United States did not change her negotiating posture. The U.S. delegation indicated that it was not about to respond to a campaign of blackmail. About the only achievement at the talks was an agreement to meet again at some unspecified point in the future, although days later Pyongyang cast doubt on whether even that meager result would hold. Predictably, North Korea and the United States blamed each other for the lack of progress. Beijing seemed to place most of the blame at Washington's doorstep. Vice Foreign Minister Wang Yi, who had been China's chief negotiator at the talks, stated bluntly: "America's policy toward the DPRK—that is the main problem we are facing."

> A North Korean collapse might lead to a massive flow of refugees into China—with all the attendant social and economic dislocations.

China continued to prod both Washington and Pyongyang to be more flexible. And those hopes seemed to be rewarded when President Bush unexpectedly offered a proposal to break the diplomatic impasse. During his trip to East Asia in late October 2003, he indicated that the United States would be willing to guarantee North Korea's security if Pyongyang gave up its nuclear program. Although the new U.S. proposal fell short of North Korea's demand for a bilateral, binding nonaggression pact with the United States, it went at least part way toward meeting Pyongyang's concerns on that issue. Yet the DPRK's initial reaction was dismissive, with North Korea's official news agency denouncing President Bush's initiative as "laughable."

Once again, PRC diplomats went into action. After some rather intense discussions with Chinese officials, the North Koreans altered their attitude. Pyongyang agreed to take part in a new round of six-party talks, and it indicated that it would consider Bush's offer of a written multilateral security pledge, although the DPRK also stressed that a security pledge was merely one component of a number of actions it expected from the United States in exchange for renouncing its nuclear program.

The second round of six-party talks in February 2004 again produced little progress. Washington and Pyongyang did little more than restate their long-standing positions. At the third round in June 2004, though, there was some movement on the U.S. side. The American delegation (at the urging of the Chinese, South Korean, and Japanese governments) offered a reasonably detailed proposal for ending North Korea's nuclear program. The proposal called for a North Korean declaration, committing the DPRK to a complete, verifiable, and irreversible end to its entire nuclear program, including all plutonium production and uranium-enrichment activities. The elimination of all components of North Korea's nuclear program was

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to begin after a three-month preparatory period. In exchange, non-U.S. parties to the talks would provide North Korea with heavy fuel oil for her energy needs and, once North Korea's declaration proved credible, all parties would provide the DPRK with multilateral security assurances. As the denuclearization process proceeded, other benefits (including discussions about lifting U.S. economic sanctions) would begin to take place.

Beijing was optimistic that North Korea would soon respond to the U.S. proposal. Indeed, the PRC repeatedly urged her neighbor to provide a constructive response. China's optimism that a new round of talks would take place before the end of 2004 proved to be unfounded, as were the hopes that the DPRK would respond to the U.S. offer. Eventually, Chinese leaders accepted the reality that Pyongyang would not make a move until after the U.S. presidential election, when the North Koreans would know whether they would have to deal with a second Bush administration. Beijing did seem to believe, however, that the DPRK would rejoin the negotiating process once the U.S. political picture was clarified.

That expectation proved unfounded as well. Whether the North Koreans intended to return to the six-party talks in early 2005 is uncertain. Whatever chance there was of such a return disappeared when incoming Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice referred to the DPRK as one of the world's "outposts of tyranny." From Beijing's standpoint, such rhetoric was unhelpful, and the Chinese government conveyed that view to Washington, repeatedly urging American officials to use "softer language." Chinese frustration with both the United States and North Korea probably reached a pinnacle when Pyongyang announced in February that it had a nuclear deterrent and had no intention of returning to the six-party talks.

Although the PRC remained annoyed with the Bush administration's hostile characterization of the North Korean regime as a tyranny, Chinese patience regarding her ally was wearing thin as well. A clear indication of that development occurred right after Pyongyang's February announcement. State-run Chinese media were unusually negative regarding North Korea's conduct. National television news on state-run CCTV gave heavy coverage to international condemnation of North Korea and demands that she return to the six-party talks. Conversely, little effort was made to explain the DPRK's position that she needed nuclear weapons to deter the United States.

Beijing spent the next several months pressing Kim Jong Il's government to reverse its decision not to participate in another round of talks. At least partly in response to Washington's growing complaints, Beijing gradually ratcheted up the pressure on its recalcitrant ally. The culmination apparently came in early July, when North Korea responded to the PRC's repeated calls and agreed to a new round of talks later that month.

Those negotiations lasted far longer (13 days) than any of the previous rounds, and Beijing worked mightily to get the participants to sign a joint statement outlining their points of agreement, at least in principle. When that initial effort ran into difficulty, the talks recessed for three weeks so that the various capitals could fully assess the ideas that had been put forth. When the talks resumed after the recess, China's efforts to bridge the gap between Washington's and Pyongyang's positions paid off—at least in the short run. The parties signed a "joint statement of principles." The North Korean government formally committed to eliminating its nuclear-weapons program, returning to the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty (from which it had withdrawn in early 2003), and authorizing the return of international inspectors. The United States and the other parties agreed to a formula of "commitment for commitment and action for action," pledging to resume energy aid to North Korea and to commence the process of normalizing political and economic relations between Washington and Pyongyang as North Korea took steps to dismantle her nuclear-weapons program in stages.

A statement of principles is a mildly encouraging initial step, but it is a long way from a detailed, enforceable agreement for the end of North Korea's nuclear ambitions, and it remains uncertain how much pressure Beijing will be willing to use to get its troublesome ally to fulfill its new commitments. Although every rational person hopes that the six-party talks eventually produce a settlement defusing the North Korean nuclear crisis, optimists may be overrating both Beijing's willingness and ability to get North Korea to remain nonnuclear.

True, China does have significant economic leverage over the DPRK. A major portion of North Korea's annual energy supplies, approximately 30 percent of her total outside assistance, and an estimated 38 percent of her imports come from China. But Beijing has been reluctant to use this leverage throughout the crisis. Indeed, the PRC clearly prefers to use carrots rather than sticks on the nuclear issue. During an October visit to North Korea, Hu Jintao reportedly offered an additional $2.1 billion in aid if there was further progress in the nuclear talks as a result of actions taken by Pyongyang.

The evidence suggests that Chinese leaders may be willing to exert some diplomatic, and perhaps even economic, pressure on North Korea to keep the peninsula nonnuclear. A revealing example came in late August 2004, when China's top energy official stated that the PRC could not contemplate cooperating with North Korea in the field of atomic energy because of the crisis over the latter's nuclear-weapons program. "We will not consider it because we are in favor of the peace and stability of the Korean peninsula," said Zhang Huashu, chairman of the China Atomic Energy Authority. To realize the goal of denuclearization, Zhang emphasized, "China must play an active part, so there is no discussion of cooperating with North Korea now." It is likely that North Korea was both surprised and unhappy about Beijing's position.

China, in fact, has insisted almost from the beginning of the crisis that she has been working hard on the issue through quiet diplomacy. But that position illustrates an important point. China sees herself as an intermediary between the United States and North Korea, not as Washington's partner in a campaign of isolation and coercion. For example, China has repeatedly urged the United States to negotiate with Pyongyang without preconditions.

Bush-administration officials have noted that the Chinese have worked "as intermediaries," not as a U.S. partner in the negotiating process, and both U.S. policymakers and members of the American foreign-policy community have shown increasing discontent with Beijing's role as an intermediary. Jon Wolfsthal, a scholar at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, expressed that dissatisfaction succinctly: "In the six-party talks, Washington needs China to be more than an honest broker, but become a forceful advocate for North Korean nuclear disarmament." In October 2004, Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage bluntly told a Chinese official that China needed to view herself not as a mediator but as a

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participant in the effort against North Korea, according to a U.S. official familiar with the conversation. Vice President Dick Cheney sounded a similar theme: "The Chinese need to understand that it's incumbent upon them to be major players in the disarmament process."

That may be expecting more than the PRC is willing or able to give. Maintaining the nonnuclear *status quo* on the peninsula appears to be a significant Chinese objective. Among other drawbacks, a North Korea armed with nuclear weapons would increase the chance that other countries in East Asia would respond by building deterrents of their own. Such a development would threaten important Chinese interests. Although Beijing might be able to live with a nuclear-armed South Korea, Chinese leaders would have to fear that Japan (and perhaps even Taiwan) would follow suit. Either development would be anathema to the PRC.

Yet, although keeping the Korean peninsula nonnuclear seems to be an important objective for the PRC, it is not the highest priority. Beijing's top priority is to preserve the North Korean state as a buffer between China and the U.S. sphere of influence in Northeast Asia. As North Korea's economy has languished in recent years, resulting in mass famine, China has worried that the North Korean regime might implode, much like the East German system did in 1989. Such a development would lead to the sudden emergence on China's border of a unified Korea allied with the United States—probably with a continuing U.S. troop presence. A North Korean collapse might also lead to a massive flow of refugees into China—with all the attendant social and economic dislocations. As two prominent experts on East Asia note: "To guard against this event [China] will ultimately allow fuel and food (sanctioned or unsanctioned) to move across its border with the North."

Moreover, as far as diplomatic influence is concerned, the United States tends to overrate Beijing's clout. China may be North Korea's closest ally, but the North Korean elite is not especially fond of China. In addition to the wariness with which a small state typically regards a much-larger neighbor, Pyongyang considers the Beijing government a communist apostate for its extensive flirtation with market-oriented economic reforms and its tolerance of a considerable amount of social pluralism for the Chinese people. *New York Times* columnist Nicholas D. Kristof concludes, "China's influence on North Korea has always been wildly exaggerated. North Koreans speak openly of their contempt for Chinese officials."

At the very least, U.S. officials (and Americans in general) need to adopt a more realistic attitude about the extent of Beijing's influence over Pyongyang. Washington is making a mistake if it expects China to sacrifice other important interests to get the DPRK to abandon its quest to become a nuclear-weapons state. China has sought to dissuade North Korea from going further down that path, and Beijing will likely continue to be helpful in attempting to defuse the crisis. It is possible that Kim's regime may push even its indulgent Chinese ally too far. A North Korean nuclear test, for example, might force Beijing's hand, despite the risks entailed in adopting coercive measures toward Pyongyang.

It is more likely, however, that the PRC will accept a nuclear-armed North Korea rather than put so much pressure on its neighbor that it risks seeing the regime unravel. That may not be a pleasant realization for U.S. policymakers, but it is better than indulging in the illusion that Beijing will do whatever is necessary to deliver a nonnuclear North Korea.

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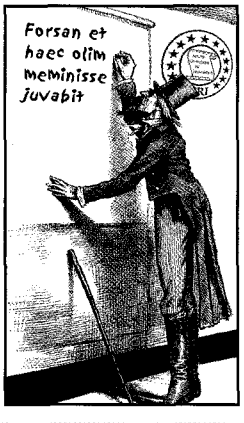

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Enemies Right and Left

by Daniel McCarthy

"Liberalism is too often merely a way of speaking."
—Oscar I. Janowsky

Right Turn: John T. Flynn and the Transformation of American Liberalism
by John E. Moser
New York: New York University Press; 277 pp., $45.00

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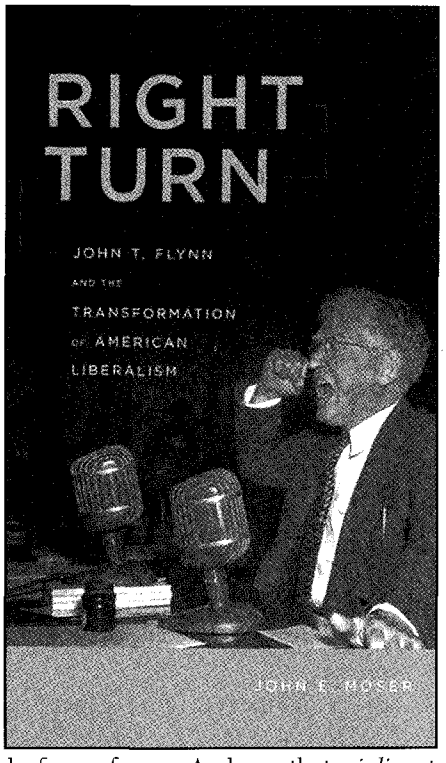
Until the day he died in April 1964, John T. Flynn insisted that he was a liberal. Once, that self-designation had not been controversial. This was a man who, as a member of the New York City Board of Higher Education in the 1930's, had fought the conservative president of City University for the rights of student radicals. So closely had Flynn been identified with mainstream liberalism in that era that he was awarded a weekly column in the *New Republic*. By the time Flynn retired from journalism in 1960, however, he had become a pariah to his erstwhile friends on the left and a hero to the John Birch Society. To the end, he maintained that his principles had not changed: It was the political landscape of the entire country that had shifted under his feet. He was right.

For that reason, Ashland University history professor John E. Moser subtitles his new book *John T. Flynn and the Transformation of American Liberalism*. Hard as it may be to believe today, there was a time when 20th-century American liberalism was not sympathetic to communism, beholden to executive power, or committed to the export of democracy by force of arms. And now that *soi-disant* conservatives have themselves taken up these causes (or at least two of the three), reexamining the life and work of John T. Flynn is more important than ever, if only as a reminder that America's turn toward monocracy and world hegemony was neither inevitable nor unchallenged.



Moser has diligently mined the archives of libraries across the country in his effort to reconstruct Flynn's life. But where his subject's earliest years are concerned, only the most fragmentary evidence survives.

Flynn was born in Bladensburg, Maryland, in 1882. He attended Georgetown Law School in the early 1900's. In 1910, he married Alice Bell; he became a journalist sometime before 1912, when he moved to California in search of work. Finding little, he returned East and took a position with the *New Haven Register*. The first inkling we get of Flynn's politics comes from this period: He attempted to unionize all the newspapermen in New Haven, and, after a strike he led got him fired, Flynn launched a newspaper of his own, the *Reporter*. It soon failed, and he left Connecticut to work for the *New York Globe*.

There he made his reputation as a reporter with a knack for economic analysis and for explaining the economic underpinnings of everyday news in a way readers could understand. His career as muckraker blossomed as he exposed scams, real and imagined, in real estate, horse racing, and the stock market. His belief that stock prices were wildly inflated led him to predict the crash of 1929. Having been one of a few popular journalists to do so, Flynn found his own stock, so to speak, soaring afterward.

He had achieved the status of a prophet and was much in demand in the liberal press and before congressional committees, where progressive lawmakers found him an eager advocate for federal regulation of business and banking. But he was no socialist, nor even a foe of large corporations. "I very seldom deliver any strictures on big business as I am a profound believer in it," he wrote to a member of the New York Stock Exchange in 1930, but "[o]nce in a while I think a few big business men—who must not always be confused with big business—need a little touch of the stick." He welcomed Franklin D. Roosevelt's election in 1932 on the back of promises to save capitalism from itself.

Before long, however, his view of Roosevelt darkened. Flynn favored some

Daniel McCarthy is the literary editor of the American Conservative.

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form of federal unemployment insurance, and he was all for government spending to fight unemployment and spur recovery. He embraced the Tennessee Valley Authority. But he believed Roosevelt's methods of financing these programs were sheer fraud: The Social Security Trust Fund was nothing but a stack of IOUs, with the money brought in by Social Security taxes treated as general revenue. Even that was not enough to pay for FDR's projects, so the President resorted to deficit spending—which Flynn considered a dangerously inflationary gambit. As for other New Deal initiatives, Flynn recognized in the National Recovery Administration the seeds of economic fascism. The "self-rule in industry" promoted by the NRA would amount to cartelization, giving big business the means to stifle smaller competitors while offering no benefits to consumers or workers. When Roosevelt responded to the Supreme Court's voiding of the National Industrial Recovery Act by trying to pack the court with more compliant justices, Flynn saw the move as further evidence of the country's descent into one-man rule.

Throughout the 30's, he continued to criticize the Roosevelt administration from the left, using the pages of the *New Republic* and a syndicated column with the Scripps-Howard newspapers to do it. He declared the New Deal a failure and predicted the President's next move: He would take to defense spending to pull the economy out of its rut. And to make the case for bigger military budgets, Roosevelt would lead the country toward involvement in the war brewing in Europe.

Flynn had been interested in the relationship between war and industry since 1934, when he assisted Sen. Gerald P. Nye's committee investigating the role of munitions manufacturers in World War I. Flynn offered the committee a plan to take the profit out of fighting. His proposals included, in Moser's description, "a 50 percent tax on the first 6 percent of corporate profits with a 100 percent tax on all corporate profits beyond that" to go into effect the moment war was declared. To columnist Arthur Crock, the bill that came of Flynn's plan seemed designed not merely to limit profiteering but "to discourage war by providing the certainty that the well-to-do would be ruined when war was declared." The House of Representatives killed the bill.

Such radical suggestions did not salvage Flynn's reputation as a liberal, which declined as his attacks on Roosevelt intensified and progressives came around to supporting war. Those liberals who remained opposed formed the Keep America Out of War Congress in 1938, eventually electing Flynn as their national chairman. But the organs of advanced opinion had already chosen the side of intervention, and a purge of antiwar liberals commenced. Oswald Garrison Villard was dismissed from the *Nation*. Harry Elmer Barnes lost his column with Scripps-Howard. And Roosevelt himself acted to deprive Flynn of at least one outlet, the *Yale Review*. "John T. Flynn should be barred hereafter from the columns of any presentable daily paper, monthly magazine or national quarterly, such as the *Yale Review*," he wrote to the journal's editor. In November 1940, the *New Republic* axed Flynn's column, "Other People's Money," on the pretext that he had exceeded its original mandate. That fall, Flynn published a full-length treatment of Roosevelt's rule so far, *Country Squire in the White House*.

The Keep America Out of War Congress proved feckless, and Flynn perceived the need for a more populist, ecumenical antiwar organization that could appeal to "dissatisfied or disgruntled conservatives" as well as to noninterventionists on the left. Just such an organization contacted him in August 1940, when Flynn was asked to join the America First Committee. The group sorely needed prominent liberals, lest it seem "too much like a Willkie club," in the words of one of its organizers. Flynn was eager to help, and, when no suitable chairman for America First's New York City chapter could be found, Flynn became its leader. In that city, a redoubt of pro-war interests, Flynn built an America First chapter that at its height counted some 200,000 members, with a publishing arm that reached two million readers.

Despite his best efforts to preserve his liberal credentials, Flynn increasingly found himself labeled a right-winger. But he had more to worry about with America First's reputation. He took pains to distance the organization from fascist sympathizers, keeping his membership rolls free of Coughlinites and denouncing the "American Führer" Joe McWilliams from the platform at Madison Square Garden when McWilliams crashed an America First rally in search of publicity. But the pro-war press, what Flynn called the Smear Bund, took every opportunity to tar America First by association, no matter how tenuous the links between the group and such individuals as McWilliams. When, in September 1941, Charles Lindbergh gave a speech that listed Jews among the forces pushing America toward war, Flynn was furious. Just then, Flynn had been working with a congressional investigation to expose Hollywood's interventionist bias. Lindbergh's speech scuttled that campaign and drove a wedge into America First's leadership, which split over disputes about how to minimize the damage. But the question was moot once the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. Shortly thereafter, Flynn gave the order to disband the New York chapter of America First.

He did not stop challenging the Roosevelt administration, however. Indeed, he was skeptical of official accounts of what happened at Pearl Harbor and wrote two extended articles on the subject for Colonel McCormick's *Chicago Tribune*. Left-wing periodicals were, by this point, long closed to Flynn, but he found a new readership through right-leaning publications and became a roving correspondent for *Reader's Digest*. In 1944, he published a second Roosevelt book, *As We Go Marching*. As Moser writes,

> the book was more than a simple rehash of his earlier columns. In some ways it was remarkably learned, drawing on sources as diverse as Oswald Spengler, Friedrich Nietzsche, and Thorstein Veblen. Moreover, it laid out in great detail the course of fascism in both Italy and Germany, with an eye to showing the similarity of the path the New Deal had taken thus far.

The few old liberals who remained hailed the work, Villard calling it "the most important book which has appeared since the war began." Conservatives such as industrialist William Henry Regnery also praised it. To the interventionist press, however, it was, as one reviewer put it, the "Most Malignant Book of 1944."

The Smear Bund kept up its work, most notably in a 1943 book, *Under Cover*, by one John Roy Carlson, a pseudonym of Avedis Derounian. *Under Cover* depicted America First as having been full of women whose "family life was disrupted in a crusade for peace at any sell-

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out price" and men who were "fascist party-liners." Flynn took a keen interest in the forces behind the book and its follow-up, *The Plotters*—he suspected the hands of both the Anti-Defamation League and the Communist Party. This led Flynn to look more closely at the influence communists and communist sympathizers wielded on American culture and government.

After the war, Flynn became one of the country's most vociferous anti-communists, though he maintained all along that the greater threat came not from card-carrying Reds but from the fellow travelers who had hijacked American liberalism. By the early 1950's, reputable publishers wanted nothing to do with him, so Flynn brought out his books through smaller presses, such as the conservative Catholic house Devin-Adair. Some of his books, well attuned to the McCarthy-era *Zeitgeist*, sold very well, including *The Road Ahead: America's Creeping Revolution* (1949) and *The Lattimore Story* (1953). He took to the airwaves as well, and his program "Behind the Headlines" was, for a time, heard from coast to coast. One new medium he stayed clear of, however, was television, where men had "no conception whatever . . . of the rules of civilized argument or discussion."

Flynn's journalism now appeared in such conservative periodicals as the *Freeman* and the *American Mercury*—but not *National Review*. Therein lies a story. William F. Buckley, Jr., admired Flynn and invited him to write for his new magazine, which he did, turning in a review of Arthur Larson's *A Republican Looks at His Party*. Buckley spiked it, returning the piece with a generous kill fee and telling Flynn that his broadsides against the Eisenhower administration's militarism were "difficult to defend in the absence of any discussion whatever of the objective threat of the Soviet Union." So much is clear and ably related by Moser. What is a matter of some dispute is just how significant this episode was in Flynn's life and in the history of the postwar right.

Moser takes issue with libertarian writer Justin Raimondo and the John Birch Society's John F. McManus for suggesting that Flynn was purged from the nascent Buckleyite right. "If Buckley's intent were to purge him from his new version of conservatism," Moser asks, "why would he have solicited an article from him in the first place?" Moser means the question rhetorically, but a reply comes readily to mind: Without the contributions of men like Flynn, the early writers for *National Review* would have consisted almost exclusively of ex-communists and ex-CIA agents. Through Flynn, the magazine stood to gain a connection to the earlier anti-Roosevelt movement. As well, there is no reason to doubt Buckley's sincerity when he calls Flynn "an old friend and mentor." But all that would not suffice to get him into the magazine: Whatever esteem the editor might have had for Flynn and whatever *National Review* might have gained from his work, the new conservatism could not tolerate any critique of militarism. Just as the *New Republic* had earlier ejected antiwar sentiment from the respectable left, so *National Review* now sought to eliminate it from the right.

This goes a long way toward accounting for John T. Flynn's latter-day obscurity. He represents a set of beliefs about executive power and the military role of the United States in the world that is wholly unwelcome on either the left or the right. Moser is surely correct when he finds in Flynn a culture warrior *avant la lettre*, whose McCarthy-era attacks on the leftist tilt of the press and higher education foreshadowed much of the present conservative program. "Although his name is forgotten by most today," Moser writes, "the Heritage Foundation, the Cato Institute, the *American Spectator*, Rush Limbaugh, and countless other institutions on the right owe a debt of gratitude to a liberal writer named John T. Flynn." But if all this is true, why has such a seminal figure been so thoroughly forgotten? Flynn himself may not have been the victim of *damnatio memoriae*, but what he stood for has indeed been blotted out of conservatism's consciousness.

The chief weakness of *Right Turn* is that Moser never argues a forceful case, not even with respect to what he tells the reader is his central thesis: namely, that Flynn held consistently to the values of middle-class progressivism. The evidence Moser presents suggests otherwise: By the end of his life, Flynn's opposition to war and the imperial presidency had converted him into something more like a classical liberal—a man who called his enemy "the socialist welfare state." Similarly, connecting Flynn's early middle-class progressivism and faith in expert social science to his later sympathy for McCarthy presents some difficulty. Moser gives us a compelling narrative of Flynn's development, but he leaves too much of his analysis unsaid.

Right Turn is nonetheless an impressive contribution to the study of 20th-century political thought. Moser's chapters on America First and the Smear Bund are a valuable supplement to the work of Justus Doenecke, and these pages contain much vital material on the intellectual tumult of modern liberalism and conservatism in their formative years. Most of all, though, John T. Flynn is a subject richly deserving of a scholarly and readable biography, and, thanks to John E. Moser, he now has one. ◈

LIBERAL ARTS

I FEEL PRETTY

"Both Sides Now (Tarcher/ Penguin Group, March, 2006) is the courageous and heart-wrenching story of one man's decision to risk it all to be true to himself. Dhillon Khosla was born in to the body of a beautiful woman and endured multiple, complex, even life-threatening surgeries which transformed him physically, emotionally and spiritually. Although Dhillon knew early on that his true identity was male, he spent almost twenty years repressing this knowledge trying fiercely to embrace the female form into which he developed. Trapped beneath this female disguise, Dhillon lived his life from the outside looking in until he read an article about men who were born into female bodies and had gone through surgeries to reclaim their male identity. For the first time, Dhillon felt hope and a call to action.

"*Both Sides Now* offers a rare glimpse in to what it is like to live as both a woman and now, a man and offers extraordinary insight and perspective into the sexes, our social mores and how experiencing a life in each gender leads to a greater understanding and realization of the other. *Both Sides Now* is an inspirational story about what it means to be true to oneself despite seemingly insurmountable societal and social constraints."

—from a press release from the Levine Communications Office

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No Country for Anyone

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

No Country for Old Men
by Cormac McCarthy
New York: Alfred A. Knopf;
309 pp., $24.95

◆

The few reviews I'd read of Cormac McCarthy's new novel, including the lead in the *New York Times Book Review*, though laudatory, had little more to say than that *No Country for Old Men* would (will) make a terrific screenplay. So much for the art of book reviewing these days.

Another way to say it is that, as McCarthy's style, in the course of nine novels, has become more accessible to the general reader, so his story line has strengthened; his theme grown plainer; and his moral universe come into clearer focus. A recent McCarthy book evinces a more direct than hitherto illumination of familiar material, even if the light still springs from within the text itself rather than being focused on it from without. Concurrently, the features of McCarthy's world have notably altered themselves. McCarthy never was a nihilistic artist—but it was often easy to mistake him for one. The possibility of *that* seems now to be a thing of the past, even for a *Times* writer. "I think that when the lies are all told and forgot the truth will be there yet," Sheriff Ed Tom Bell muses. "It don't move about from place to place and it don't change from time to time. You can't corrupt it anymore than you can salt salt. You can't corrupt it because that's what it is." What all this has to do with the movies, I have yet to figure out.

For the rest, *No Country for Old Men* is vintage McCarthy, with its insistence on the unity of language and the reality language conveys as an indivisible existential block (signaled by the minimal punctuation, including the absence of quotation marks from the dialogue, and the simple syntax), on the wisdom of unsophisticated thought, and on the poetry of plain American speech. Rural conversation, corrupted and attenuated as it has become by mass communications in the 20th century, remains folk art, a means of imaginative self-entertainment in a remote and isolated world of do-it-yourself where the voice you hear may be your own, or that of one or two other people—or of the wind.

> If I don't come back tell Mother I love her.
> Your mother's dead Llewellyn.
> Well I'll tell her myself then.

This witticism, which is distinctly country, contrasts with another husband-and-wife exchange concerning a stolen suitcase full of money:

> No we won't [keep it]. I've thought about it. It's a fake god.
> Yeah. But it's real money.

In the second exchange, Llewellyn Moss's inventive country humor has soured to a brittle urban cynicism under the corruptive influence of easy cash. Years ago, Hugh Kenner ingeniously recast the dialogues recorded in the Watergate tapes in the form of stanzas of modernist poetry. McCarthy's dialogue has somewhat the same effect, displaying the flat laconicism of Hemingway (though lacking the shimmeringly evocative emotional complexity of its Hemingway equivalent at the top of its form).

Set in 1980, McCarthy's narrative has to do with Moss, a Vietnam veteran and West Texas native who, while out hunting antelope on the desert, stumbles across the victims of a drug deal gone wrong and the payoff itself, packed into a suitcase. Moss makes it safely home to his wife with the money. ("What have you got in that satchel? / It's full of money. / Yeah, that'll be the day.") But his conscience will not let him forget the sole survivor of the massacre, riddled with bullet wounds and dying of thirst, huddled over the wheel of his truck. Against his better judgment (or anyway, self-interest), Moss drives back to the spot at two in the morning with a jug of water and is surprised there by the smugglers searching for the lost suitcase.

From that moment on, he is in flight for his life from the hit man behind him, himself pursued by Sheriff Ed Tom Bell, a down-home elderly Texas lawman oppressed by intimations of social breakdown, corruption, and the arrival on the scene of "some new kind" of criminal, a different species of killer from the Texas cattle rustlers of an earlier day. As a fellow officer puts it, "I just have the feelin we're looking at somethin we ain't never seen before." Yet Bell, while agreeing with him, also recognizes something primeval in "the evil . . . out there, the ghost. Somethin you may very well not be equal to . . ." For the first time since boyhood, the sheriff finds himself inclined to give the existence of Satan the benefit of the doubt.

"Human kind," said T.S. Eliot, "cannot bear very much reality." Somewhat in the manner of Flannery O'Connor, Cormac McCarthy tests this proposition by grinding his reader's face in reality of the most uncompromising sort. In all his novels, metaphysical evil lurks everyplace, background and wellspring of the human and social evil that corrupts the world, from the Mexican-American frontier of the Apache Wars in the antebellum period to the drug-ridden America of the late 20th century. "It's not even a law enforcement problem," Bell thinks. "I doubt that it ever was. There's always been narcotics. But people don't just up and decide to dope themselves for no reason. By the millions."

The anonymous fortunes (he continues to speculate) accumulated in the United States today can—and have—bought entire countries. Now Americans are being bought with their own money, to the point where the collapse of commercial ethics leaves people sitting dead in their vehicles on the desert—by which time it is already long past too late. But however complicated the outcome, the beginning is relatively simple. "It starts," Bell concludes, "when you begin to overlook bad manners. Anytime you quit hearin Sir and Madam the end is pretty much in sight." As from the foundation of the world, fallen man continues to provide the Devil with his opportunity—a mere toehold—and Satan takes fatal advantage of it. "And this ain't goin away. And that's about the only thing I do know. It ain't goin away. Where would it go to?" Half skeptically, Bell provides the answer to his own question. "I wake up sometimes way in the night and I know as certain as death that there ain't nothin short of the second comin of Christ that can slow this train."

Societies, like individuals, have freedom of choice, for which they must pay by taking the consequences of their choices. In the case of Llewellyn Moss, choosing appeared to him in the form of a suitcase full of money. On the lam from his pursuer, he understands the situation this way:

> It's not about knowin where you

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are. It's about thinkin you got there without takin anything with you. Your notions about startin over. Or anybody's. You don't start over. That's what it's about. Ever step you take is forever. You can't make it go away. None of it.

Anton Chigurh, the hit man on his trail who has a penchant for having people flip a coin for their lives, sees the thing similarly:

> Every moment in your life is a turning and every one a choosing. Somewhere [he tells Moss's wife] you made a choice. All followed to this. The accounting is scrupulous. The shape is drawn. No line can be erased.

For this reason, as a man of what even one of his antagonists recognizes as "principles," Chigurh must do with her what he has to do. He has no "say" in the matter, he explains. "You're asking that I gainsay the world. Do you see?"

Both men appear confused on the point of whether, in life, all choices are equal in significance, or some have greater effect than others, or a single choice may determine everything. C.S. Lewis thought that predestination and freedom are really one and the same thing. In McCarthy's universe, they seem to work cooperatively, alternately yielding and asserting precedence over each other. Again, it is nothing the movies can be expected to sort out.

McCarthy develops a fine symmetry between his two protagonists, Sheriff Bell and Llewellyn Moss, of which there is little or no hint until the scene, superbly realized, between the sheriff and his Uncle Ellis toward the end of the novel. Here, Bell confesses the guilt he has suffered all his life in accepting a Bronze Star (though under orders from a military superior to do so) awarded him for holding a position in France he actually ran from after dark. "I should of [given my life]," he tells the old man,

> And I didn't. And some part of me has never quit wishin I could go back. And I can't. I didn't know you could steal your own life. And I didn't know that it would bring you no more benefit than anything else you might steal. I think I done the best with it I knew how but it still wasn't mine. It never has been.

The price Moss pays for stealing his life is the loss of it. The price Bell pays for the same act is the pain of knowing that "I'm not the man of an older time they say I am. I wish I was. I'm a man of this time"—a ruinous time, in which he finds himself being asked to stand for something he can no longer believe in as he did as a younger man. And so he turns in his badge, unconsoled by the conviction that "It takes very little to govern good people. Very little. And bad people can't be governed at all." For Ed Tom Bell, resignation is defeat, "More bitter to him than death."

No Country for Old Men is a fine book and a true one, by America's greatest living novelist. If the movie people can make a bundle for its author without embarrassing him overly, then that will only put part-paid to the unpayable debt to literature celluloid has been recklessly accumulating over the last 100 years.

Chilton Williamson, Jr., is Chronicles' *senior editor for books.*

Hell in Panonia

by Srdja Trifkovic

The Siege of Budapest
by Krisztian Ungvary;
Foreword by John Lukacs
New Haven: Yale University Press;
512 pp., $35.00

◆

The siege of Budapest in the winter of 1944-45 was not as militarily significant as that of Stalingrad or as colossally wasteful of human life as Leningrad, but it was still a human tragedy of the highest order. For the Germans and their (often reluctant) Hungarian allies, Hitler's order to defend the capital of Hungary was a costly strategic mistake. For the Soviets, it was an embarrassing obstacle on the way to Vienna. For 800,000 Hungarian civilians trapped in the city for over a hundred days, it was simply a nightmare.

Ungvary is an accomplished military historian who tells the story as it happened—*histoire événementielle* at its best—relying on hundreds of eyewitness accounts and on many hitherto unknown German and Hungarian documentary sources. His relative neglect of the Soviet sources is the book's only shortcoming.

The book is divided into seven chapters and richly endowed with maps, tables, and photographs. John Lukacs's Foreword sets the scene nicely, but to grasp the context of the story it should be read in conjunction with his *Budapest 1900: A Historical Portrait of a City and Its Culture* (1988).

Until very late in the war, Hungary was relatively untouched by it. Regent Miklos Horthy—an admiral without a navy in a kingdom without a king—was an anti-Versailles revisionist *par excellence*, but he was not a New Order fanatic. He allied Hungary with Hitler in order to recover as many lands of the Crown of St. Stephen lost in 1919 as he could, and the fruits in 1939-41 proved considerable. By 1944, however, the writing on the wall was clear: Germany was doomed. Horthy's clumsy attempts to establish contact with the Allies and negotiate a separate peace prompted the Germans to replace him with a "government" of psychopaths and common criminals known as the Arrow Cross Party. With the exception of Ante Pavelic's Ustasha regime in Zagreb, no other Quisling team in occupied Europe was as thoroughly degenerate as this "unlearned rubble" (in the words of Lukacs).

As the Red Army crossed Hungary's eastern borders in October 1944, the fall of Budapest seemed imminent. It would have happened had Stalin, on October 28, allowed Marshal Rodion Malinovsky, the commander of the Second Ukrainian Front, five days' preparation before commencing the attack. Stalin's stubborn refusal to do so—"I expressly order you to begin the offensive against Budapest tomorrow!"—doomed the city. Underpowered and undersupplied, Malinovsky's troops were able to reach the outskirts of Budapest but were unable to take it. By the first week of November, the commander of the German Army Group South, Gen. Hans Friessner, was able to establish a viable defense parameter.

By the end of December, Budapest was completely surrounded and about to experience six weeks of unspeakable privations. Ungvary tells the story dryly, which makes its awfulness all the starker. Thousands of Hungarian soldiers went into hiding, unwilling to die for no good reason. Thousands of others fought on grimly, equally fearful of the distrustful

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Germans and of the Soviet "liberators." The Arrow Cross squads were more interested in rounding up and murdering Jews on the Danube quays than in defending the city. House-to-house fighting reduced much of Pest to rubble, with starving civilians often caught in crossfire in the dank and dimly lit cellars. Pest fell on January 18, 1945, by which time the massive Soviet push to the Oder and to Berlin was in full swing. The Germans blew up the bridges on the Danube and defended Buda, the Castle Hill, until February 12. A desperate breakout attempt by the defenders ended in failure and carnage.

Stalin's blunder in insisting on an immediate attack at the end of October was joined by Hitler's in ordering Budapest to be defended at any cost. Granting the fact that the war was already lost, in tactical terms it would have been far more useful for the German high command to have had the more than 100,000 troops trapped in Budapest at its disposal for the defense of the southeastern border of the Reich. Even at that late stage of the war, Hitler had not learned the lesson of Stalingrad: that leaving encircled garrisons deep behind the enemy lines to fight to the last bullet is exactly what the enemy wished him to do. Karl Pfeffer-Wildenbruch, the German commander, compounded Hitler's mistake by delaying the breakout attempt until it was doomed to fail.

As Ungvary points out, Budapest withstood the siege longer than any other city defended by the Germans, yet the effort was pointless. The German troops' morale remained unparalleled up to the very end—not because the average *Landser* was fiercely loyal to the National Socialist regime but because he perceived the war as a total one that left him with no personal choice in the matter. The Hungarian soldier, by contrast, did not regard the war as an existential issue: "In 500 years of history Hungary had lost every war, so the Hungarians were more familiar than the Germans with defeat and its consequences."

Indeed: Six decades later, Hungary remains confined to her Trianon borders, but, as a consequence of *that* defeat, she is more stable and coherent than she would otherwise have been. Budapest is back on the map of Europe as a vibrant metropolis. The scars of 1944-45, combined with those of 1956, are no longer in evidence. Krisztian Ungvary's book will preserve for posterity the record of an epic yet futile struggle that will soon fade from living memory.

Foreign-affairs editor Srdja Trifkovic is the author of Defeating Jihad: How the War on Terror May Yet Be Won, In Spite of Ourselves, *forthcoming from Regina Orthodox Press in May.*

The Two Faces of Marxism

by Paul Belien

The Strange Death of Marxism: The European Left in the New Millennium
by Paul Edward Gottfried
Columbia, MO: University of Missouri Press; 154 pp., $34.95

◆

I have one major problem with Paul Gottfried's *The Strange Death of Marxism: The European Left in the New Millennium*: The title does not really fit the book. Professor Gottfried describes how Marxism as an economic theory has lost its appeal, even on the left, since World War II. Today's leftists no longer advocate nationalization of the economy and anticapitalist theories. In fact, they hardly care about economics at all; instead, they focus on changing the moral and cultural foundations of Western society. This shift, Gottfried points out, originated with the so-called Frankfurt School, a group of originally German Marxist philosophers who settled in the 1930's in the United States, where they came to dominate liberal thinking, not so much by advocating anticapitalist economic reform as by pushing social engineering.

Their ideas returned to Europe after World War II, together with the wave of American pop culture sweeping the Old Continent, and have since thoroughly destroyed traditional European culture and morality. The "incentive to social engineering," says Gottfried, "has gone from the Old to the New World and then back again and in the process altered Europe even more dramatically than us." That, to me, is the important message of this book, which deserves a large audience.

Gottfried is right in saying that the multicultural orientation of the contemporary European left has little to do with Marxism as an economic-historical theory. Indeed, the traditional constituency for Europe's old (Marxist) left overwhelmingly votes today for the parties of the "extreme right," while the new (post-Marxist) left caters to a new constituency that is hostile to the traditional moral and cultural values of the old left's former electorate. This phenomenon, to which Gottfried draws our attention, is confirmed by sociological studies of Europe's highly successful anti-immigration parties, such as France's Front National, Belgium's Vlaams Blok, and Denmark's Dansk Folkeparti, whose appeal resides in their opposition to multiculturalism and their defense of national cultural identity.

These parties are among those most critical of American liberal pop culture, with its multicultural, hedonistic orientation. Interestingly, Germany lacks a similar party. Gottfried describes in detail how, after World War II, American social engineers with the American army of occupation in Germany applied the theories of the Frankfurt School to reeducate the Germans by developing programs designed to eradicate the cultural identity of the German people. The authorities in the former German Democratic Republic took greater pride in the heroes of Germany's past than those in West Germany, for whom any pride in German culture and history was regarded as potentially dangerous and a highway back to Nazism.

Apart from a long Introduction and a Conclusion, Gottfried's book comprises four chapters, which deal with postwar communism, neo-Marxism, the post-Marxist left, and the post-Marxist left as a political religion. The latter is probably the most interesting for American readers, as it was for me, an atypical (because pro-American) European. I believe it clarifies why post-Marxist multicultural social engineering has wreaked such devastation in Europe over the past three decades, while leaving America, where the Frankfurt School philosophers, including Herbert Marcuse, developed their destructive ideas, relatively unaffected. Instead of using the state's power to alter the economic framework of society or promote income redistribution, the Frankfurt School proposed to use the state as a radicalizing cultural force.

According to Gottfried, this shift from economics to culture means the death of Marxism, because Marxism is an eco-

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nomic theory. He claims that the views of the no-longer-extant communist parties regarding women and family life resembled those of pre-Vatican II Catholics. On this point, I disagree with Gottfried. Though Karl Marx never propagated sexual promiscuity, homosexuality, and other "alternative" lifestyles, it should be noted that Ludwig von Mises, in his book *Socialism* (1922), pointed out—correctly, I think—that socialism demands promiscuity in sexual life by consciously neglecting the contractual idea:

> Free love is the socialist's radical solution for sexual problems . . . The family disappears and society is confronted with separate individuals only. Choice in love becomes completely free. Men and women unite and separate just as their desires urge.

The socialist paradigm, which entails the deliberate neglect of any contract or moral principle that does not serve the current political objectives of the state, results in both the expansion of sexual liberty and the disappearance of economic liberty. Economic liberty and prosperity cannot exist unless people are true to their promises and to the assumed set of moral rules by which partners are bound within a certain culture. Consequently, socialism leads to the disappearance of all forms of partnership. Nothing is left but the individual and the state.

Whether Marcuse and the other Frankfurt School philosophers can be considered true Marxists (as Mises would argue) or not (as Gottfried implies) seems to me a matter of secondary importance. It is certainly true, as Gottfried writes, that the European Marxist parties, when they had most of the votes of their traditional electorates, never attempted to "reform" the traditional, almost Victorian, social and moral behavior of their blue-collar voters. It is also true that the European left adopted this agenda when white-collar intellectuals, infatuated with what they perceived to be American culture (but what, in fact, is only the liberal fringe of American culture), became its leaders. An icon for the latter, for example, is the monthly magazine *Playboy*, which is considered by many to be as American as apple pie and hence never taken for a socialist, let alone Marxist, vehicle for social engineering. Nevertheless, *Playboy* has always stated editorially that its primary objective is to challenge traditional culture and morality. "*Playboy*," said its founder Hugh Hefner in the 30th-anniversary issue (January 1974),

> is one of the most important and influential magazines in the world, in terms of the impact it's had not only on social mores but as a champion of individual rights. We've supported countless civil liberties organizations, political reform, sex research and education, abortion reform before it became popular, prison reform, and the continuing campaign to reform our repressive sex and drug laws, as well as any number of charities and community-fund efforts.

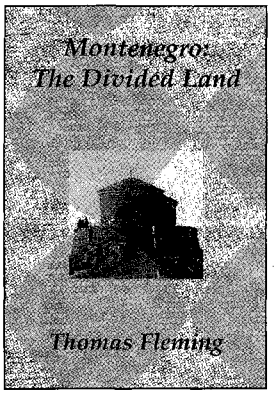
This list of admired social causes reads like the typical political agenda of the European left today. In another anniversary issue (1979), *Playboy* described its own history as "A Chronology of Social Activism."

Gottfried quotes the sociologist Arnold Gehlen, an old-fashioned anticommunist German, who in 1972 expressed his anxieties at his people's moral and cultural frailties. It was not the Soviet Union but America that threatened Western Europe, Gehlen said:

> In Germany one sees the scrupulous absorption of American manners, illusions, defense mechanisms, *Playboy* and drug culture, and open enrollment in higher education, for here no less than there the intellectuals are directing the destinies of the countries more than anywhere else. Nonetheless, what we lack are the American reserves in national energy and self-confidence, primitiveness and generosity, wealth and potential of every kind. With our beaten-down history and our youth seduced by volatile phrases, with the top-heavy industry, which is international in character, nothing can keep us from losing our national identity.

Contrary to what Gottfried's title proclaims, I do not think that Marxism is dead in Europe; it has only shifted its emphasis. When the communists came to power in Russia in 1917, they tried to impose their social, as well as their economic, agenda. They abolished private property—and the family. In *Sexual Politics* (1969), the American feminist Kate Millett wrote of this episode: "After the revolution every possible law was passed to free individuals from the claims of the family," including the legalization of "free marriage and divorce, contraception, and abortion on demand." As Millett explained,

> Under the collective system, the family began, as it were, to disintegrate along the very lines upon which it had been built. Patriarchy began, as it were, to reverse its own processes, while society re-



Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

This Time, Be Prepared

The Serb land of Montenegro is once again at the crossroads of history. The blood-soaked mountains and dramatic coastline of this small land have been fought over by Illyrians, Macedonians, Romans, Byzantines, Turks, and Venetians, and, in the 20th century, by the armies of Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Germany. In World War II, Montenegro lost more men, per capita, than any nation of Europe, and now it is the latest target of the so-called international community, which has tried to create a phony separatist movement (complete with a bogus national church) to continue the disastrous policies that have involved the United States in wars over Bosnia and Kosovo.

Thomas Fleming has written the first well-researched history of Montenegro in the English language, taking the story from ancient times all the way up to the current crisis over separation from Serbia. This is no dry academic tome but a lively account of a brave people whose brave history rivals the tales of Leonidas and his Spartans at Thermopylae.

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turned to the democratic work community which socialist authorities describe as matriarchy.

Because these reforms were so radical and unrealistic, the Soviets were compelled to abolish a number of them after only a few months—reinstituting marriage, for instance. Today, it looks as if it is the communist economic agenda that has become too unrealistic, prompting the left to accept the market economy. The radical social agenda of the Russian communists in the period (1918-20) that Millett praised—free marriage and divorce, contraception, abortion on demand—has, however, been accomplished. The disintegration of the so-called oppressive patriarchal society has become the "realistic" agenda that the left is today pursuing to its extremes.

Gottfried's book explains how this agenda came into being and how those who shaped it brought their ideas from Europe to America in the 1930's and 40's, and then back to Europe again in the 1960's and 70's. Consequently, *The Strange Death of Marxism* is required reading for anyone interested in understanding what is going on in Europe today. I suggest, however, that what is really occurring is the transformation of Marxism, which has made socialism an even more dangerous monster than it was formerly. Though these ideas, developed by European intellectuals in America, came to infect Europe *via* America, they have all but killed traditional European culture. Only a few remaining pockets have been spared. We can find these, as Gottfried notes, in those social classes that have succeeded in preserving traditional class loyalties, whether aristocratic, bourgeois, or working-class. The latter instance explains the paradoxical fact that the former communist constituency for the now-defunct traditional Marxist parties has remained relatively immune to social-engineering projects. As Gottfried writes,

> Both inherited social roles and the accompanying behavioral models render problematic the inculcation of contemporary state-enforced creeds. It is hard to recode bureaucratically those who have learned to think and act as members of a functioning stratified society.

The reason America has not been infected to the same devastating degree with the *Playboy* philosophy, which is basically the Frankfurt School ideology, is also given in this book, though less explicitly. It has to do with what Arnold Gehlen, in the above-quoted passage, calls "the American reserves." America's conservative reserves are far stronger than Europe's, because America, unlike secular Europe, has remained rooted, to a greater extent, in traditional Christian values. I do not doubt that, should belief in those values continue to decline, American culture will collapse as European culture and civilization have already collapsed. The disappearance of Christianity from Europe has left a religious vacuum that has been filled by Islam, on the one hand, and by what Gottfried calls "the post-Marxist Left as a political religion," on the other. What we will witness in Europe in the coming decades is a cultural war between the religious values of Islam and the secular "values" of the decadent, hedonistic, post-Marxist left.

Paul Belien is the founder of the Brussels-based Centre for the New Europe (CNE) and the author of A Throne In Brussels: Britain, the Saxe-Coburgs and the Belgianisation of Europe.

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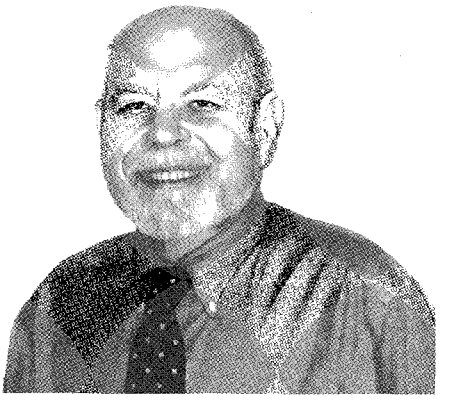
by Paul Gottfried

Mending Wall



The Jewish population I encountered during my recent month-long tour of Israel was markedly different from anything I had expected. If there are Israeli counterparts to Abe Foxman and Midge Decter, I didn't meet them. The vast majority of Jews I did meet were Moroccan and Levantine, while most of the security police in the entrances to shopping malls and on the road between East Jerusalem and the Dead Sea are dark-skinned Ethiopian Jews. These *Falashim* (their disparaging Ethiopian name) are usually polite to a fault but known to be tough on suspected terrorists. They are now moving into a vocational/ethnic niche that resembles that of the Irish police in America.

Most of the Israeli Jewish population seem oblivious to Christian antisemitism and come from societies that did not suffer in the holocaust. They do not echo the fear found in ADL publications, nor do they celebrate or lament Jewish marginality in the manner of the New York literati. But they are inordinately fond of the American Religious Right, whose silliness they ignore because Robertson and Falwell are working night and day on behalf of Israel. They are also importing from Poland and the Philippines a predominantly Catholic workforce to take the place of the West Bank Palestinians, who now reside behind a long, impenetrable wall (*hachomah*), which the Israeli government put up about ten miles east of the Mediterranean. Inhabitants of the town of Netanya, north of Tel Aviv, where my brother and I stayed, expressed relief that the wall had gone up. Only last year, suicide bombers had hiked from the West Bank to an Israeli shopping mall—a distance of nine miles. The Israelis I spoke with emphasized the obvious: It seems wise to keep those who threaten you at a safe distance; high walls make for peaceful neighbors.

My niece, who was spending the year in Israel at a horse-breeding farm near Tel Aviv, was struck by the international workforce at her communal settlement. Although originally a quasi-Marxist enterprise, this *Moshav* now includes seasonal European workers who look after the Arabian steeds and tend the citrus groves. One of my niece's friends, a Polish guest worker, said he was intent on staying. But later, my niece informed us that Israeli security forces had sent him home because "his papers were not in order." When my brother asked if anyone had objected, my niece explained that her bosses accepted this "as part of life." After all, "security means that you can't have people stay if their visa has expired."

Two aspects of Israeli life struck me with particular force. One is the narrowness of the country's width, which, in its populous central region, extends about ten miles, between the Mediterranean and the wall; the second is the approximately one million Israeli Palestinians who coexist with Jews, Filipinos, and European guest workers. Traveling north from Tel Aviv toward Galilee, we drove from one Arab Muslim village to the next; none of the towns, with the possible exception of Nazareth, is known for religious or ethnic diversity. For the non-Muslim population, this concentration poses a security problem, since Arab Muslims in Jerusalem support Hamas overwhelmingly. Although little love exists between the Jews and Israeli Palestinians—or so my interlocutors kept reminding me in Hebrew, French, and English—the two sides have established a *modus vivendi*. You can see them eating, albeit at separate tables, in the same kosher McDonald's. Extended Arab families frequent Moroccan Jewish eateries, where the food and language are essentially Arab. In Jerusalem, despite the generally tense relations between Orthodox Jews (many imported from the United States) and East Jerusalem Arabs, the same kind of commercial coexistence prevails. The hotels, which cater heavily to Jewish tourists from the United States and the former British Empire, reveal Palestinian, Filipino, and Jewish employees working side by side.

Military security in Israel, necessitated by West Bank Palestinians and concern about their Israeli cousins, drives other arrangements. It accounts for the omnipresent checkpoints and the helicopters flying overhead at the beach in Tel Aviv and at the excavation sites at Caesarea and Capernaum. The same pressure explains the apparently relaxed manner in which Israelis stretch their institutions, particularly the military, to include those unlike themselves. While they do not draft Palestinians, their army does include Bedouins, Maronite Christians, and the Druze, who are deviationist Shiites. Non-Orthodox Israelis will contrast the swarthy "patriotic" Yemenites and Ethiopians who serve in border units to the Orthodox Jews, who have lots of children and often live on welfare but are exempt from military duty.

Since the Orthodox, often resettled from Western countries, are usually the most outspoken annexationists, the complaint is that they exacerbate strife without bearing responsibility. This does not apply to the "modern Orthodox," however, who wear head coverings (*kipoth*) but serve disproportionately in difficult military operations. I never learned whether the duty to serve in the military, which applies to young women and young men equally, affects the "modern Orthodox" as well.

Living in a siege situation explains other things about Israel. Unlike FOX News and CNN, the average Israeli did not agonize over Ariel Sharon's failing health. Although admired for his military prowess and coalition building, Sharon is not thought to be indispensable to the peace process. *If the Palestinians will recognize us and cease their violence*, goes the refrain, *whoever will then be around will sign the peace*. Another consequence of being surrounded by enemies is a problematic approach to immigration. In Netanya, "Russian Jews" have arrived in droves claiming the Jewish "law of return." Most of these immigrants look like ethnic Russians, who might have discovered a Jewish grandmother—just as Americans, in quest of casino money, discover Pequot relatives. Unlike the Orthodox rabbinate, most Israelis, who need more settlers bearing arms for them, do not pay much attention to genealogies.

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by Scott P. Richert

Home, Sweet Home

The Rockford Institute sits on the northern edge of Rockford's downtown, at the upper end of a stretch of North Main Street that local boosters have dubbed "the Cultural Corridor." The corridor is not much even by the standards of modern cities—a few museums, the Coronado Theatre, the New American Theater, the Rockford Woman's Club, the Mendelssohn Club, and us (though the boosters often overlook that last one)—but, without it, our downtown would be in even worse shape than it is. Urban renewal in the 60's and 70's, including an ill-planned "pedestrian mall" that closed off two blocks of Main Street immediately north and south of State Street, the main east-west corridor through downtown, along with the massive growth, from the 80's on, in Rockford's Wasteland (the far-east-side development of big-box stores, chain restaurants, and vinyl-sided tract homes), has wreaked havoc on a once-thriving downtown. Native Rockfordians still recall when downtown was so crowded on Sunday that cars had a tough time passing through. Today, no major business (outside of restaurants) in downtown is open on the weekend, and the pedestrian mall may feel the footfalls of no more than a dozen people on most Sundays.

As he comes to the end of his first year in office, Rockford Mayor Larry Morrissey would like to change that. Morrissey's commitment to downtown has been abundantly evident in his actions as a lawyer and private developer since his return to his hometown a decade ago. Before his election, he was changing downtown one building at a time; now, as mayor, he has the opportunity to bring about a true—not urban—renewal.

The view from inside city hall, however, is a little different from the view on the outside looking in. It is easy to criticize previous mayors for not doing enough for downtown or for focusing the city's development efforts on the Wasteland, and I have often done so. The reality, however, is a little more complex, because Rockford's mayors have, for 23 years, been living under a constraint with which no other mayor of a major city in Illinois has been shackled: the lack of home rule.

The 1970 Illinois constitution gave broad authority to municipalities with populations of 25,000 or more to "exercise any power and perform any function pertaining to its government and affairs including, but not limited to, the power to regulate for the protection of the public health, safety, morals and welfare; to license; to tax; and to incur debt." While the Illinois General Assembly has some ability to restrict the actions of home-rule units, the constitution explicitly states that "Powers and functions of home rule units shall be construed liberally." As of October 2004, there were 167 home-rule municipalities in Illinois. However, "A home rule unit by referendum may elect not to be a home rule unit," putting it in the same position as municipalities with a population under 25,000, who must go to the General Assembly to have certain kinds of legislation—especially relating to taxes and to crime—passed.

In 1983, Rockford became the most recent of only four municipalities in Illinois ever to renounce home rule. In 1980, the final year of Democratic mayor Bob McGaw's second term, the Rockford City Council passed a 50-cent property-tax increase to try to cover a growing shortfall in the city's budget. The increase, however, did not take effect until after the mayoral contest in April 1981, when McGaw had retired and Democrat John McNamara was elected. Having examined the city's finances, McNamara argued that his fellow Democrat had underestimated the city's financial problems, and he convinced the council to pass a second 50-cent property-tax increase, which took effect about six months after the first.

The uproar was predictable, especially in a city that was suffering at the time from close to 25-percent unemployment. An organization called the Home Rule Advisory Committee was formed by John Gile and several others, and the committee gathered the signatures necessary to place a referendum repealing home rule on the ballot in 1983. While the referendum passed and Rockford renounced home rule, there are three interesting things to note: First, none of the aldermen who voted for both tax increases was turned out of office for doing so; second, McNamara was reelected to a second term and could have won a third, if he hadn't chosen to step aside for fellow Democrat Charles Box; and third, after the city was stripped of home rule, the city council repealed the two tax increases and then asked the public to approve a referendum increasing property taxes by the very same amount. The referendum passed.

If the voters were willing to shoulder the additional tax burden, and they were unwilling to vote out those who had imposed it, why did they also vote against home rule? The question has several answers, none of them quite satisfactory in itself. Rockford's tenure as a home-rule city corresponded to an unbroken streak of Democratic control of city hall, and the anti-home-rule referendum was a way for Republicans to strike back and effectively hobble a Democratic mayor whom they could not beat. There's also an undeniable populist tendency among a significant segment of voters in Rockford, and the renunciation of home rule has meant that most issues of any importance have had to go to referendum (though, as a matter of course, Rockford voters have approved virtually all referenda over the past 23 years). And finally, there's a (sometimes healthy) distrust of local government. The irony there, of course, is that the lack of home rule means that, on many issues, the politicians in Springfield have more control over Rockford's destiny than the mayor and the city council do. If I have to place my trust anywhere, I'd rather place it on the man I can meet face to face, and have a chance at voting out of office, than on the machine politicians from Chicago who control the Illinois General Assembly.

Change is in the air, however. Will Rockford become the first city in Illinois to return to home rule after once rejecting it? Watch this space . . .

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Letter From Paris

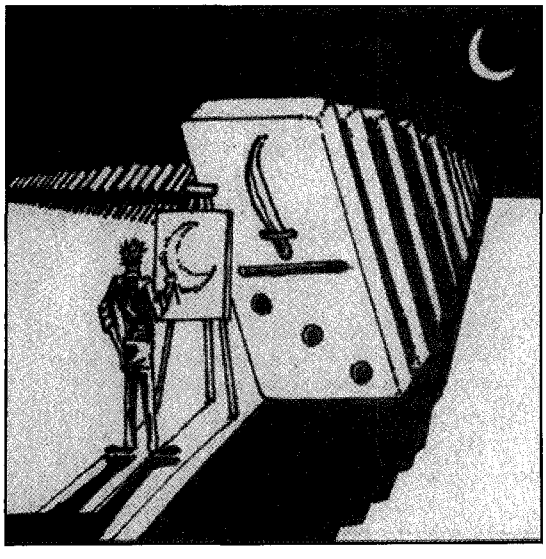
by Curtis Cate

The Right to Blaspheme?

◆

The vociferous and, at times, incendiary uproar that suddenly erupted in early February with the publication in Paris of 12 "satanic drawings," supposedly caricaturing Muhammad, offered the world one more proof of the extent to which, thanks to radio, television, and computers, our rapidly shrinking planet has now become a global village. It also offered us a classic illustration of how a basically extraneous "accident" can fan the winds of discontent into a raging hurricane.

To understand how a relatively minor incident—last September's publication in a Danish newspaper of 12 "blasphemous" cartoons—could later assume such volcanic proportions, it is essential to go back almost one year before the initial publication to the fateful date of November 2, 2004. On that day, the Dutch film director and journalist Theo van Gogh was stabbed to death in Amsterdam by an Islamic fanatic of Moroccan origin for having helped a member of parliament of Muslim origin, Ayaan Hirsi Ali, produce a controversial film denouncing the practice of forced marriages imposed by Muslim men on their helpless womenfolk. The assassination, which shook Holland to her foundations, had profound repercussions not only in the neighboring country of Denmark but in slightly more distant Norway.



Nick Garie

Already outraged by this second murderous assault—it had been preceded by the assassination of Dutch political leader Pim Fortuyn—many liberal-minded Danes and Norwegians were further shocked, like the Dutch, by the bloodthirsty language used during his trial in June-July 2005 by Mohammed Bouyeri, who claimed that he had had every right to stab Theo van Gogh to death, as a well-deserved punishment meted out to a "blasphemer and an infidel." They were also disturbed to learn, shortly after Bouyeri had been sentenced to life imprisonment on July 27, that Theo van Gogh's 14-year-old son, Lieuwe, had been twice assaulted by Moroccan youngsters.

It is in this general context of fear and intimidation provoked by Muslims that one must place the events that occurred in Denmark during the following month of September. Frustrated because he could not find a single Danish artist willing to run the risk of illustrating a children's book on the life of Muhammad, left-wing writer Käre Bluitgen issued a public protest, challenging the artists of his country to display a minimum of courage. Irked by this taunt, Fleming Rose, editor of the culture section of Copenhagen's largest-selling daily, *Jyllands-Posten*, appealed to a professional guild of illustrators and cartoonists working regularly for newspapers, magazines, and theater publications. The appeal garnered 12 drawings, whose publication on two inside pages of the September 30, 2005, issue of *Jyllands-Posten* were destined four months later to set a large part of the Muslim world ablaze.

Later, Fleming Rose explained that he had not asked the 12 artists to draw cartoons. "I asked them to draw Mohammed as they saw him. In no case did I ask them to draw a caricature or to mock him." Anyone who has taken the trouble to examine these 12 drawings should be prepared to take Fleming Rose at his word. Most of them were singularly inept, the work of artistic hacks lacking in imagination. Only three or four of them could be regarded as cartoons—beginning with a drawing of a cloud-borne Muhammad protesting to a file of upward-climbing Muslim "martyrs" (*i.e.*, suicide bombers), "Stop stop we ran out of virgins!" and finishing with the portrayal of a bearded and steely-eyed Muhammad wearing a black turban from which protrudes an already lit, bomb-like fuse.

If these drawings had simply been presented as different representations of Islamic clerics, they would not later have aroused such furious passions among devout Muslims. The fatal error committed by Rose, or perhaps by a more senior editor of *Jyllands-Posten*, was to have presented them under the heading, "Twelve Faces of Mohammed." But was it an "error"? Rose himself accompanied the drawings with this explicit commentary:

> Modern secular society is rejected by certain Moslems. They insist on the display of a special consideration for their own religious sentiments. This is not compatible with a secular democracy and freedom of expression, where one must be ready to be scorned, made fun of, ridiculed.

In effect, this was a challenge issued to certain Muslims, calling on them to do what they have always been loath to do: subordinate their Islamic beliefs and principles to the overriding dictates of a secular society.

The first public reactions were not long in coming. On October 14, several thousand outraged Muslims demonstrated in the streets of Copenhagen. Several days later, the ambassadors of 11 Muslim countries asked to be received by the Danish prime minister, Anders Fogh Rasmussen, who refused on the grounds that the Danish government could not be held responsible for the actions of an independent newspaper it in no way controlled and that complaints of this kind should logically be dealt with in a court of law.

On December 1, eight of the "guilty" artists staged a private meeting with five prominent members of Denmark's Muslim community. "The discussion was very good, and there was no question of excuses having to be made," Mogens Blicher Bjerrgård, president of the Federation of Danish Journalists, later told a correspondent of the French daily *Le Monde*.

We may never know exactly what, mean-

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while, had been going on behind the scenes. Before the first week of December was up, a few irate Muslims in distant Pakistan were threatening death to the 12 Danish artists, who from then on refused to be interviewed and went, more or less, underground. By this time, at least one delegation of Danish imams had traveled to the Middle East to arouse their fellow Muslims to concerted action. According to a report later published in the Danish tabloid *Ekstra Bladet*, the imams brought with them not only the 12 "blasphemous" drawings but others they had added of their own invention. One of them, depicting Muhammad with the horns of a devil sprouting from his temples, showed him holding little girls in his hands, over the caption, "The pedophile Prophet Muhammad." Another showed a Muslim prostrating himself in prayer, while a dog tries to sodomize him from behind, over the caption, "This is why Muslims pray." A third displayed a man wearing the snout-mask of a pig, accompanied by the caption, "This is the true face of Muhammad."

On January 10 of this year, just two days before the publication of the *Ekstra Bladet* exposé, Vebjørn Selbekk, editor in chief of the Norwegian paper *Magazinet*, decided to publish the 12 Danish drawings in his turn, declaring that he was "fed up with the erosion of freedom of expression that has been going on surreptitiously." Six days later, after receiving death threats, including e-mailed pictures of a burned body, he agreed to remove the "blasphemous" drawings from the newspaper's website.

This essentially Scandinavian affair would not have mushroomed into a truly global uproar had the Paris daily *France-Soir* not chosen, on February 1, to publish all 12 of the Danish drawings (on pages two and three) with a front-page cartoon showing the representatives of four different religions floating on a cloud, while one of them, with a halo over his head, says to his turbaned neighbor, "Stop grousing, Mohammed . . . here we've *all* of us been caricatured." For it was only after *France-Soir* had published the flamboyantly advertised cartoons that the conservative Berlin newspaper *Die Welt* published a front-page reproduction of the drawing of the bomb-turbaned Muhammad, quickly followed by other newspapers in Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, Italy, and Spain. From then on, what had begun as a minor Scandinavian affair became a European scandal.

It often takes little more than an accident to transform a controversy into a howling storm; in this case, it was the parlous financial situation of *France-Soir*. Founded shortly after the liberation of Paris in 1944 by a journalistic genius named Pierre Lazareff, *France-Soir* was for years a top-selling newspaper with a circulation which, in 1961, was over one million copies per day. But after Lazareff's death a few years later, the newspaper rapidly declined in popularity and significance, finally degenerating into a cheap tabloid threatened by bankruptcy.

When the question of publishing the Danish drawings came up for discussion, the editor in chief, Pierre Lefranc, was distinctly lukewarm. But he was overruled by members of his staff, who felt that this was a golden opportunity for pulling off a journalistic coup. In this petty, not to say sordid, calculation, they were undoubtedly right; from one day to the next, the tabloid's dismal circulation rose from 45,000 to over 60,000 copies.

Lefranc was promptly fired by *France-Soir*'s irate owner, a Franco-Egyptian millionaire named Raymond Lakah, who happens to be a Roman Catholic. By that time, however, the damage had been done, and French, along with Danish and Norwegian, flags were being burnt by irate Muslims in the Gaza Strip.

An entire book could be written about the fascinating discussions and debates that were immediately provoked in France by the publication of these "satanic drawings" (a headline used by the left-wing daily *Libération*). Interestingly enough, not all cartoonists interviewed favored untrammeled freedom of expression. But the general mood of despondency was well expressed by Jean Plantu, who for more than 30 years has been a brilliant cartoonist for *Le Monde*.

> People don't realize to what extent, save for the Catholic Church, which one can slap and cuff and which, no matter what is said, takes it fairly well, it has become impossible to criticize religious persons.

In another interview, he recalled how, during a recent visit to Iran, he was struck by a signal lack of reciprocity. Only too happy to draw savage drawings of Christian "infidels," Muslim cartoonists would not tolerate the slightest criticism of their own religion.

More than a year ago, a Spanish historian had made the same observation to me, but in a far more pointed manner: "What we need to stabilize our relations with the Moslem world is a minimum of reciprocity. Every time an imam or a Moslem group asks for permission to build a mosque, we should insist that the Saudi Arabians, who supply the money, should allow a Christian church to be built in their own country. That would be a genuine and healthy reciprocity. Instead, all we do is to go on capitulating."

A long-term resident of France, Curtis Cate is the author of four biographies, the latest devoted to Friedrich Nietzsche.

Letter From Indo-Portugal

by Derek Turner

Irreducible India

◆

When Vasco da Gama's three battered little ships dropped anchor off Calicut on May 20, 1498, after a voyage of over ten months, they had finally found the sea route between Europe and India so long sought by Portugal's kings and explorers. Apart from the desire for knowledge, Da Gama's tatterdemalion mini-armada had come for two reasons—one mystical, one practical—summed up in the famous exchange between surprised locals and Lusitanians: "What the Devil? What brought you hither?"

"We came in search of Christians and spices."

The Christians Da Gama found were not the Prester John types the Portuguese had envisioned but Nestorians who had never even heard of the pope. Da Gama chose to overlook this awkward fact. He also long believed that the local Hindus were Christians, too, albeit with unorthodox practices and curiously multi-limbed idols.

The main reason for Da Gama's voyage was more prosaic. The Portuguese had long wanted to be able to obtain Indian spices without having to go through Arab and Venetian intermediaries. Not only did they want to save money, but they hoped to remove this highly profitable trade from the hands of Arab merchants and so weaken their erstwhile cruel occupier. (The Moors were expelled

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from Portugal in 1253.)

Da Gama's gifts to the *zamorin*, the Hindu ruler of Calicut—which included striped cloth, nuts, and honey—were hopelessly inadequate. This caused him to doubt Portugal's importance and to hearken to the intrigues of the Moorish merchants, who wanted their new rivals expelled. The situation was not helped by Da Gama's temperament. (*Indignado* is an adjective often used by Portuguese historians to describe him.)

Portugal's machinations were assisted by other factors. They were not the only ones anxious to rein in Muslim military aggression and economic might. As well as fighting among themselves, Muslim armies were engaged in constant wars against their infidel neighbors while, as Cornell historian H. Morse Stephens expressed it in his 1897 biography *Albuquerque*,

> The concentration of all commerce in the hands of the believers in the Prophet was not favourably regarded by the wisest of the Hindu rulers, who were therefore inclined to heartily welcome any competitors for their trade.

Almost as soon as Da Gama had returned, King Dom Manuel started to organize a much larger expedition under Capt.-Maj. Pedro Alvares Cabral, and this set sail from Belem on March 9, 1500, with the blessing of the Pope, who had by now conferred upon the kings of Portugal the optimistic title of "Lord of Navigation, Conquests and Trade of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India."

The expedition was blown off course in the Atlantic and eventually found itself off a strange shore, to which Cabral laid claim on behalf of Portugal and gave the name Vera Cruz (today's Brazil). Tristan da Cunha, Angola, and Mozambique were other by-products of the Indian explorations, and Portugal's Indian bases at Goa, Diu, Daman, Bassein, and Bombay would eventually be used as springboards to colonize Ceylon, the Malaccas, and Macao. Like many other empires before and since, Portugal's grew like Topsy.

More gales off the Cape of Good Hope sank four ships, with their complements, including Bartholomew Dias—who, appropriately, had originally named the cape Cabo Tormentoso, or "Cape of Storms." Eventually, six ships arrived at Calicut. Cabral ingratiated himself with the new *zamorin*—the old one had died—with carefully chosen gifts and was granted permission to found a Portuguese trading post. But finding that the Moorish merchants were preventing the Portuguese from obtaining worthwhile cargo, he seized a Moorish vessel. In retribution, the Moors attacked the trading post, killing the factor and 53 of his men. A furious Cabral destroyed ten large Moorish ships in the harbor and then bombarded the city of Calicut for two days.

The *rajah* of Cochin, 100 miles southward, was hostile to Calicut and so welcomed the Portuguese navigators. Cochin became the site of the first permanent European settlement in India, with a major trading post, staffed by seven Portuguese. Today, it is still one of Asia's busiest ports, with great ships passing up and down the strait between the fort and Vypeen Island, through the mats of water hyacinth, beyond the cantilevered Chinese fishing nets that are one of the characteristic sights of what is now called Kochi.

Upon Cabral's return to Lisbon in July 1501, he gave a highly partisan account of his travails, and the king accordingly developed a desire to "punish" Calicut. He prepared a powerful armada and chose Da Gama as admiral. After various *en route* excesses, including the burning and sinking of a Moorish ship filled with unarmed pilgrims, Da Gama bombarded Calicut and removed the ears and hands of some traders unlucky enough to be entering the port at the time (after which they were tied to the masts of their ships, which were set alight and pointed toward the shore). An armada sent by the *zamorin* was defeated easily, and Da Gama returned to Lisbon in October 1503 with a hugely valuable cargo. (Da Gama was to make a third, final voyage to India in 1524, and he died on Christmas Eve that year at Cochin, where his stone may still be seen in St. Francis's church—although his body was returned to Portugal in 1538.)

It had become clear that the Portuguese would need to establish a permanent military base on the Malabar Coast if they wanted to protect their mercantile interests. The place chosen by the leader of the 1510 expedition, Affonso de Albuquerque, a highly experienced soldier and sailor, was Goa.

Goa had been an important seaport since the third century B.C. and had been fought over by Hindus and Muslims since 1312. Eventually, it fell into the hands of the *rajah* of Bijapur, Yusuf Adil Shah, the lucky and talented son of a sultan of the Ottoman Turks. (Saved by his mother from being put to death upon the accession of Muhammad II, he was educated secretly in Persia and rose from slave to army officer, governor, and king.)

Under his rule, Goa became prosperous, but he taxed non-Muslims punitively, and his Turkish garrisons were notorious for their cruelty to nonbelievers. More mystically, an influential *sadhu* had prophesied that "a foreign people coming from a distant land" would conquer Goa. Augmenting this prophecy was the persistent appeal to the Indians of fairness of complexion, which gave the Portuguese automatic "high-caste" status (a preoccupation that is still very strong today). Goa was ripe for regime change, and, when Albuquerque's troops took the city on March 3, 1510, locals showered him with "flowers made of gold and silver."

Two months later, the Portuguese had to abandon Goa, as Adil Shah advanced to recapture the town. Because of the weather, they could not leave the harbor, so they remained at anchor in the mouth of the harbor for almost three hungry and difficult months—during which time Adil Shah offered to provision the ships, saying that he wanted to beat the Portuguese in battle rather than by starvation, which offer Albuquerque spurned in a manner fully as *indignado* as that of Da Gama, receiving the emissary on his flagship, to which the flotilla's entire food supply had been brought as a bluff.

By November, Albuquerque was back, supported by 28 ships and both European and local troops. The ensuing battle gave rise to many anecdotes, such as Albuquerque's comments to one of his lieutenants, who had carried on killing mounted Turks despite having a Turkish arrow sticking out of his face and blood all over his armor:

> Sir Manoel de Lacerda, I declare to you that I am greatly envious of you, and so would Alexander the Great have been, had he been here, for you look more gallant for an evening's rendezvous than the Emperor Aurelian.

Upon conquering the city for the second time, Albuquerque ordered that any Portuguese who had gone over to the Muslims should have their ears, noses, right hands, and the thumbs of their left hands removed and their hair plucked out. He also ordered the massacre of all

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the Muslim inhabitants, as the clemency he had extended after the first invasion had not been repaid with loyalty. "Interfaith dialogue" was never one of Albuquerque's strong points. When first visiting Cochin, he had been shocked to find Jewish merchants in residence and had asked permission of the king to "exterminate them one by one." (He did not succeed; there are still around 12 Jews living in Cochin, with an atmospheric 16th-century synagogue, the sole survivors of one of the oldest Jewish settlements in the world.)

Yet he could be pragmatic and was adroit at exploiting divisions between foes. With him as viceroy, Goa's relations with its neighbors were marked by skill and ruthlessness. For example, Albuquerque suggested to one disaffected prince that he should facilitate his accession by means of poison. While on an expedition to the Persian Gulf, he ordered the immediate assassination of a hostile advisor to the king of Hormuz in front of that startled monarch, who subsequently became satisfactorily compliant.

He also fortified Goa and took steps to concentrate the whole trade of the coast in the harbor, to the extent that it soon became a hugely wealthy city, nicknamed "Golden Goa" and the "Pearl of the Orient." He founded a mint, reformed local government, and allowed native customs to continue as before, with the exception of *suttee* (not banned in British India until 1829). More controversially, he encouraged Portuguese of inferior rank to intermarry with the locals. In his 1851 *Goa and the Blue Mountains* (a sparkling companion for long Indian train journeys), Sir Richard Burton blamed the eventual disappearance of Portuguese India squarely on this last policy—"a most treacherous and delusive political day dream," as he put it—for which he has been condemned by modern wiseacres. But while Burton may have overstated his case, how can a tiny numerical minority hope to rule an ethnically different majority except by keeping its social distance—especially in a country with a deeply rooted belief in the importance of caste?

The Portuguese introduced the Goans to potatoes, peppers, and garlic. (The word *vindaloo* is from the Portuguese for "garlic wine.") Most notably, they began to build Southern European-style churches, convents, seminaries, gateways, forts, barracks, mercantile buildings, and houses, which today give parts of Goa and Cochin a distinctly Mediterranean architectural appearance, with wrought-iron balconies overlooking narrow streets, flaking pastel façades, bowing pantiled roofs, and verandas slowly collapsing under the combined onslaught of sun, rain, and insect.

Goa's massive churches, with their high, cool, empty interiors, could easily be in Lisbon or Oporto, except that the ornate baroque styling has been given an exuberant twist by local artisans, with local motifs and an occasional sinuousness of carving more reminiscent of Buddhist or Hindu sculpture than of Western—for instance, Mary nursing the Holy Infant in the branches of a golden palm tree, a host of badly painted, brown-eyed angels erupting out of gilt ectoplasm on a reredos. Many of the religious carvings are very crude—"of the most grotesque description . . . saints, whose very aspect makes one shudder and think of Frankenstein," thought Burton—yet they are executed with great verve.

After Albuquerque's death in 1515, Goa gradually became an important religious center, with St. Francis Xavier using it as a base for missionary work in the Far East. (His body is in the Basilica of Bom Jesus at Goa and is the object of a major decennial pilgrimage.) Later, it became a notorious stronghold of the Inquisition, with regular *autos-da-fe*; the imposing, if clumsily carved, table used by the Inquisitors is on display in the Goa State Museum.

Standing in front of the fungus-spotted Chapel of Our Lady of the Mount, I had an achingly beautiful view down over the Mandovi River and the luxuriant jungle, with the white churches of Old Goa shining incongruously above the coconut palms as the sun was setting. In the foreground, a sea eagle flapped lazily in the superheated updrafts, while I cooled down after the climb and looked out over the remains of Indo-Portugal.

Apart from the confectionery-white upper stories of Se Cathedral, the churches of St. Cajetan and St. Francis and the shattered tower of St. Augustine's, the only signs of human activity were a small ship heading out to sea in the far distance and occasional plumes of smoke, rising straight up in the heat-blued stillness. For about 20 minutes, I had a simulacrum of

Nick Carte

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Golden Goa all to myself, as Albuquerque must have seen it—a safe, handsome harbor, a military stronghold, a fertile place where a gleaming city might be built and lived in and loved, a Camp of the Saints on the heathen shore. Here, where I stood, Adil Shah had placed his unavailing artillery in 1510. Now, his successors' landmark chapel was itself sliding into graceful dissolution.

Goa started to go into decline after the Portuguese and Spanish crowns were united in 1580. Spain's Dutch and British enemies now saw Portugal's Indian territories as legitimate targets and started to expand commercial and military operations in South Asia. But more fundamental was the dysgenic depletion of Portugal, with thousands of the best and bravest products of the tiny kingdom being sent out year after year to perish in shipwrecks and battles or of disease, with the survivors encouraged to settle in India and marry Indian women. It was now the turn of the Dutch and English to exchange national health for imperial wealth. In 1661, Bombay was part of the marriage dowry of Catherine of Braganza, wherein lies yet another epic story of grand ambition and eventual hubris.

Goa's few remaining grand Portuguese houses are very precious. They are very nearly not there at all. The floor of the blue ballroom of the famous Pereira-Braganza house undulates gently; a termite-infested piano is quietly collapsing in on itself in one corner; you can hear birds through holes in the silk-lined ceiling; and, in the rippling old glass of the white-framed Flemish mirrors, the chairs given by a Portuguese monarch to a Braganza progenitor look as if they are in some long-lost submarine kingdom.

The best things in Goa's Architectural Museum are the outsize bronze statues of Portugal's national poet Luiz de Camoens (his epic *Lusiads* were translated by Richard Burton) and Albuquerque, removed from public display in Panjim after Nehru finally sent his troops across the scarcely defended frontier in 1961, and a collection of paintings of Goa's viceroys and governors.

The poor execution of many of these paintings (most were painted by Indian artists) is curiously appropriate, as it emphasizes Goa's isolation and unhealthiness, a province of a provincial empire. Many of the inhabitants of these alternately sickly, stern, and refined faces—the owners of ancient Estremaduran names, the lords of mountainside estates and old vines, wearing black cloaks and blue uniforms festooned with sashes and the crosses of the Order of Christ, the Order of St. James of the Sword, and the Military Order of St. Benedict of Aviz—must have disliked being sent to India.

They would have been given the keys to the city at the viceroy's arch, before passing in under the statue of Vasco da Gama into a hive of frenetic activity, where there are now just overgrown fields, crumbling walls, drifts of litter, and a few aristocratic, white churches standing on empty lawns. Many of these dignitaries now lie beneath the granite slabs decorated with their family crests in the broken nave of St. Augustine's at the top of the hill, the stylized stone castles, wolves, eagles, trees, and mailed fists evoking the faraway homes they would never see again. How curious it must be to be a scion of one of these families, visiting from the old country, and see your family's crest baking beneath the tropical sun. Richard Burton again:

> It is always a melancholy spectacle, the last resting-place of a fellow countryman in some remote nook of a foreign land, far from the dust of his forefathers . . . the wanderer's heart yearns at the sight. How soon may not such fate be his own?

Such bittersweet reflections are impossible to avoid when among ruins, especially among the ruins of an empire created by people rather like oneself.

On our last day, wilting after an early flight from Cochin, we took a slow, packed suburban train far out into Bombay's northern shanty suburbs. Alighting at the busy Vasai Road station, we found an obliging auto-rickshaw driver and lurched and hooted through squalor for 20 minutes in search of Bassein Fort.

Ceded by the sultan of Gujarat to the Portuguese in 1534, Bassein became the site of a powerful Portuguese fortification and, soon, the administrative center, "The Court of the North," for all of Portuguese India. It was sacked in 1739, and its garrison extirpated. After bombardment by the British in 1780, it was never rebuilt.

Now, mud-caked water buffalo loll in what were once refectories, spiders with six-inch leg-spans stretch their snares between palms in what were once the aisles of churches, and banyans force their twisting roots through the old masonry. Trees have sprouted, lived, and died on the top of what were once strung bastions and give a furry, indeterminate shape to what were once imposing walls. Here and there on the dark walls, or hidden under surging ivy, one can still see European memorial slabs, carved window tracery, baroque curlicues, and scrollwork bordering gigantic archways leading into nothingness, crouching stone animals and Latin inscriptions above double doorways into roofless edifices.

This picturesque desolation makes for a fascinating contrast with the bustling and indescribably filthy fishing village nearby, with its daubed Madonnas, cobalt and jasmine walls, fly-encrusted Bombay duck drying in the sun, piles of fish guts lying on the ground, and young people rushing past on motorcycles, staring at our European faces as, probably, their ancestors stared at other European faces long ago.

For those who think about such things, or who simply have Gothic sensibilities, it is irresistible to draw parallels between the fate of Bassein and the possible fates of today's "Courts of the North"—the European and European-descended nations that have exhausted themselves in search of chimeras and which are now imploding under the weight of history and reverse colonization (the latter thought of as poetic justice by our intestinal foes). The Portuguese, like so many others, came, saw, and conquered India, only to be conquered and absorbed in their turn. Dutch, French, and British India have all gone the same way, leaving behind them only fragrant relics of what once was, and what might have been. Now, the desperate Occidental battle to imprint on the landscape has moved much closer to home. It has become essentially a defensive campaign—and Goa and Bassein and a hundred other heart-wrenching Indian places serve to remind us of the only alternative to victory.

Derek Turner is the editor of Right Now!, *published in London.*

Save a Stamp!

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by Srdja Trifkovic

Muslim Rage and American Folly

The U.S. State Department has effectively sided with militant Islam by condemning the decision of newspapers in Denmark, Norway, and elsewhere in Europe to publish cartoon drawings depicting Muhammad, the founder of Islam. On February 3, State Department press officer Janelle Hironimus told reporters, "Inciting religious or ethnic hatred in this manner is not acceptable. We call for tolerance and respect for all communities and for their religious beliefs and practices."

Miss Hironimus and her bosses at Foggy Bottom are guilty of a colossal blunder. Their fault is fourfold: First, the cartoons in question did not incite any hatred, religious or ethnic. Muhammad telling suicide bombers arriving in heaven that he has ran out of virgins, or wearing a turban containing a bomb, is somewhat funny and mildly satirical.

Second, it is not the job of a foreign ministry to pass judgments on cultural matters or to set standards of "acceptability"; its job is to promote the country's interests around the world. In this particular case, those interests entail siding with our fellow Westerners in defending freedom of speech against crude intimidation by our common enemies.

Third, the U.S. government did not comment when far worse cases of inciting religious and ethnic hatred occurred here in America—notably, when an NEA-funded "artist" submerged a crucifix in urine or when the *Chicago Tribune* published a cartoon in 1992 depicting "the Serbs" as a pig emerging from a latrine.

Fourth, if the State Department believes that it will earn some brownie points for America in the Muslim world by condemning Danish cartoons, it is merely repeating President Clinton's Balkan folly of the 1990's and Brzezinski's Afghan blowback from a decade earlier.

While Danish artists have every right to draw and publish cartoons that mock Muhammad, and various appeasers who suggest otherwise deserve our studied contempt, the entire debate about those cartoons was based on flawed assumptions.

A figure as disturbing as the founder of Islam should not be gently made fun of (the cartoons, I repeat, were quite innocuous), at least not until his remarkable career has been given a vigorous public treatment in the Western world. The trouble with those cartoons was not that they offended fervent Muslims—they are offended by our very existence—but that, by their placid humor, they humanized a man with a hugely problematic legacy and thereby offended the memory of untold millions of victims of *jihad* through the ages.

Ahmed Akkari, spokesman for the Muslim organizations of Denmark, said that Muslims all over the world want the "truth" about their prophet known to the rest of the world. "We want respect for Muhammad restored and we want him to be described as the man he really was in history," he declared. I agree. Let us briefly examine Muhammad as "he really was in history," relying solely on orthodox Islamic sources—the Koran and the *hadith* (recorded "traditions"). Those sources provide an account of uncertain historical accuracy, but that account is regarded as true by all faithful Muslims, and it provides the scriptural basis for the Muslim faith and Islamic law.

Muhammad was born around A.D. 570 in Mecca and started receiving "revelations," verbal messages that he claimed came from Allah, when he was 40. They were first delivered in the tone of warnings and appeals rather than threats, but the Meccan leaders sneered at the audacity of this commoner who had no natural claim to authority. The initial humorous contempt for Muhammad's claims eventually turned to indignation and enmity, forcing him to escape to Medina with a small band of followers in June 622. Significantly, just before leaving for Medina, Muhammad received his first revelations that allowed him to fight the Meccans (Sura 22:39-41).

Once he was physically secure in his new abode, Muhammad ordered armed raids against Meccan caravans passing near Medina on their way to Syria. An early raid, at Nakhla, took place in the sacred pagan month of *Rajab*, in which no Arab was permitted to raise arms in battle. Since both his foes and followers were likely to be scandalized by the violation of sacred trust, he received a revelation from Allah indicating that the raid enjoyed divine sanction (2:214). From that moment on, Muhammad abrogated the moral codes of pre-Islamic Arab traditions and scriptures whenever it suited him.

In 624, at Badr, his men killed over 40 Meccans in a single *razzia*, which fortified Muhammad's power. Yet again, divine justification was required—this time, for ambushing and murdering his own kinsmen (3:123-125). Conveniently, Allah's messages grew more bellicose: "I will instill terror into the hearts of the unbelievers, Smite ye above their necks and smite all their finger tips of them" (8:12). The "messenger" gloated over the spectacle of his slain enemies and ordered the execution of several prisoners who had opposed him in Mecca. After Badr, in the words of Ayatollah Khomeini, "Islam grew with blood."

Muhammad began using the prospect of booty and ransom to recruit followers. This motive was so important that it merited a whole *sura* in the Koran; one fifth of the booty would belong to Muhammad (8:41). Once the loot was divided, it was time to relax: "Now enjoy what ye have won" (8:69). "Enjoy what you have won as lawful and good" (69:30-37). A tangible, X-rated paradise filled with virgins "untouched by man" (52:17-20, 55:56-77) and "fresh" pre-pubescent boys (52:24, 56:17, 76:19) awaited the "martyrs" immediately.

The simple preacher eventually morphed into a vengeful warlord, who jubilantly exclaimed that the spectacle of severed enemy heads pleased him better than "the choicest camel in Arabia." Killing prisoners was divinely condoned by Allah (8:68). Fresh revelations described the unbelievers as "the worst animals" (8:55) and "the vilest of creatures"

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(98:6) undeserving of mercy. The enemies' heads were to be cut off (47:4). Killing, enslaving, and robbing them was not only sanctioned but mandated.

When Muhammad returned in triumph from Badr to Medina, he proceeded to settle scores with his detractors, resorting to murder. His first victims were poets who dared mock him in verse: Asma bint Marwan, who nursed her youngest child while she was stabbed, and two Jews, Abu Afak (allegedly over 100 years old) and Kab Ashraf. They were guilty of verbal insults.

Muhammad next told his followers to "kill any Jew you can lay your hands on." When six of his henchmen murdered Abu Rafi, an elderly Jew, in his sleep, Muhammad decided that the owner of the sword that still had traces of food on it was entitled to the credit, since Abu Rafi had just eaten his dinner before falling asleep, and the fatal slash had gone through his stomach.

Muhammad's attack against the Jewish tribe of Banu-'l-Mustaliq came next. His followers kidnapped 500 of their women, and, the night after the battle, they staged an orgy of rape. His pogroms culminated in an attack on the last Jewish tribe in Medina, Banu Qurayzah. As many as 900 men were decapitated in a ditch, in front of their women and children. Allah praised Muhammad for the way "he struck terror into their hearts" (33:25). The women were subsequently raped. Muhammad chose as his concubine one Raihana bint Amr, whose father and husband were slaughtered before her eyes only hours earlier.

Allah's messages concerning the "infidel" subsequently grew ever harsher: "Take him and fetter him and expose him to hell fire" (69:30-37). They "will be killed or crucified, or have their hands and feet on alternate sides cut off" (5:33-34). In this world, for the captured infidel, "We have prepared chains, yokes and a blazing fire" (76:4). In the hereafter, things get even worse: "garments of fire will be cut out for them, boiling fluid will be poured down their heads. Whereby that which is in their bellies, and their skins too, will be melted . . . And for them are hooked rods of iron" (22:19-22). One single Koranic verse, "the Verse of the Sword" (9:5), Islamic scholars agree, abrogates 124 earlier verses—the ones that are cited most regularly by Islam's apologists to prove its tolerance and benevolence.

The image of a victorious leader, merciless with the defeated infidel and feared by his foes, worked wonders for Muhammad. On January 12, 630, he marched into Mecca in triumph, having violated the ten-year truce of Hudaybiyya signed two years before. Predictably, the violation was condoned by Allah (60:10). Ever since, the view of Islamic jurists has been that truces with the infidel could only be temporary and that their only permissible objective is to enable the Muslim side to gain strength for a new onslaught.

Muhammad's progression from a marginalized outsider to a master of life and death produced a transformation of his personality in the decade preceding his death in 633. Allah was invoked as the authority supporting the prophet's daily political objectives and his personal needs. Nowhere was this more obvious than when it came to his exaggerated sensuality. Contrary to his own regulations, he had at least 15 wives.

The youngest was Aisha, who was seven years old and "with the dolls" when Muhammad (44 years her senior) "married" her. Two years later, when she was 9 and he, 53, Muhammad consummated the liaison—*i.e.*, raped the little girl. Some years later, he came up with a Koranic verse approving his nightly trysts with an Egyptian slave girl and admonishing his jealous wives for their objections to the practice (66:1-3). Allah's revelation also enabled Muhammad to take his daughter-in-law Zainab as a wife when he lusted after her (36:37).

Many commands of the Koran and Muhammad's actions and words recorded in the *hadith* are morally abhorrent and criminal by the standards of our time. But even in the context of seventh-century Arabia, they were often considered repugnant. Muhammad had to resort to "revelations" as a means of justifying his actions and suppressing the prevalent moral code of his own society. Attacking caravans in the holy month, taking up arms against his kinsmen, slaughtering prisoners, reserving the lion's share of the booty, murdering people without provocation, violating treaties, and indulging his sensual passions—these actions were at odds with the moral standards of his Arab contemporaries. Only the ultimate authority could sanction it, and Allah duly obliged.

Muhammad's practice and constant encouragement of bloodshed are unique in the history of religions. Allah's order to "kill the unbelievers wherever you find them" is an injunction both powerful and unambiguous. The word *genocide* had not yet been coined when Muhammad conveyed Allah's alleged dictum, "When we decide to destroy a population . . . then we destroy them utterly" (17:16-17). Disobedient people "we utterly destroyed" (21:11).

That Islam sees the world as an open-ended conflict between the House of Peace (*Dar al-Islam*) and the House of War (*Dar al-Harb*), which must be conquered by *jihad*, is the most important bequest of Muhammad to history. The end of *jihad* is possible only when "justice and faith in Allah" prevail everywhere (2:193). Muhammad thus postulated the fundamental illegitimacy of the existence of a non-Muslim world. Muslims could contemplate tactical cease-fires but could never completely abandon their swords short of the unbelievers' abject submission.

On its own admission, Islam stands or falls with the person of Muhammad, a deeply flawed man by the standards of his own society, as well as those of the Old and New Testaments, both of which he acknowledged as divine revelation—and even by the new law, of which he claimed to be the divinely appointed medium and custodian.

The problem of Islam, and the problem of the rest of the world with Islam, is not the remarkable career of Muhammad *per se*, as he was undoubtedly a "great man" in terms of his impact on human history. It is the religion's claim that the words and acts of its prophet provide the universally valid standard of morality for all time and all men.

My judgment on Muhammad rests on the evidence of his followers and faithful admirers—and those who rage against the Danish cartoons can scarcely complain if, even on such evidence, the verdict of the civilized world goes against their "prophet." That verdict, once it is passed—and it will be passed—will make the gentle mockery of Muhammad in those cartoons appear as inappropriate as it would be inappropriate today to lampoon Hitler for his out-of-wedlock liaison with Eva Braun, or for his inability to control flatulence. <C>

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CHRISTIANITY

Methodists and Sex

by Mark Tooley

The United Methodist Church, having declined from 11 to 8 million members in the United States, spent millions on a television and newspaper ad campaign called "Open Hearts, Open Minds, Open Doors." Those millions were probably wasted, however. The ad campaign has been overshadowed by unwanted publicity over increasingly routine battles about homosexuality.

Last fall, a lesbian Methodist minister from Philadelphia was defrocked after a year of appeals. And a Virginia pastor who was ousted by his bishop for declining to accept an active homosexual into church membership was reinstated by a church court.

These rulings by the denomination's top court gained attention in the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*, and numerous other media outlets, which portrayed them as signals of ascendant conservatism in the traditionally liberal denomination.

Conservative Methodists are hardly poised for a Southern Baptist-style *coup d'etat*. Working in a more directly democratic church polity, conservative Southern Baptists took power by winning the presidency of their convention back in the early 1980's, after a few years of intense preparation.

United Methodist evangelicals, who, for years, were just striving for survival within the denomination, have been organizing for over 35 years. Their labors started to bear political fruit in the 1990's. Even more importantly, the church's overseas and theologically conservative African membership began to grow exponentially, while liberal Methodism on the West Coast and in the Northeast was declining.

Twenty percent of the delegates at the denomination's quadrennial governing General Conference in 2004 came from overseas. By the 2012 conference, it will be well over one third. Delegates from the U.S. South and from overseas already make up a working majority. Liberal Methodists aren't sure what to do.

They rallied to the cause of the now-defrocked Beth Stroud, who announced her sexual relationship with another woman from the pulpit to her liberal Philadelphia congregation over two years ago. Coincidentally, a PBS series on religion was filming in her church and captured the moment for a national audience.

Smothering Stroud with appreciation, the congregation responded with casserole dinners. But the Methodist bishop of Philadelphia, having already advised Stroud of the repercussions of her actions under church law, arranged a church trial. In December 2004, Stroud and her partner, Chris Paige, listened in silence as a jury of fellow pastors found her guilty of violating the church's prohibition against clergy who are sexually active outside of marriage. Another ruling from the church's Judicial Council had already required clergy not supportive of the church law to recuse themselves from jury service.

In April 2005, a liberal-dominated appeals committee for the church's Northeast Jurisdiction determined that, since the UMC's constitution precludes discrimination based on "status," all church law proscribing homosexual practice was invalid. Stroud, realizing her victory was largely symbolic, declined to resume her pastoral duties until the case was decided by the church's Judicial Council.

Once a forgotten committee that ruled on obscure church disputes, the UMC's Judicial Council has become central to the denomination's struggle over homosexuality. Church laws are approved every four years by the General Conference. Enforcement, however, can be difficult. There is no national church executive to compel the obedience of unwilling prelates. The Judicial Council, with a conservative majority, has stepped into the leadership void, issuing a series of decisive rulings on sexual issues.

Contrary to the liberal stereotypes about Methodism succumbing to white male conservatives from the South, the orthodox majority on the nine-member Judicial Council includes a black female lawyer from Houston, a black pastor from New Jersey, a Filipino, and a Congolese. The last two illustrate the church's increasingly international nature and the solid theological conservatism of Global South Christians.

The court's 6-2 ruling against Beth Stroud, a refrain of similar rulings against other openly homosexual clergy, likely surprised very few. Of more importance was the case of the Rev. Ed Johnson, pastor of South Hill United Methodist Church in southern Virginia, which began when a homosexual man who sang in Johnson's choir applied for church membership. Johnson provided counseling to the man, who was openly living with a homosexual partner. The associate pastor, more liberal than Johnson, was disturbed when Johnson did not grant the homosexual man immediate membership, and she reported him to the bishop of Virginia.

Bishop Charlene Kammerer, previously presiding over western North Carolina, has been reluctant to share her more liberal opinions while presiding over relatively conservative jurisdictions. In this instance, however, she instructed Johnson to accept the homosexual man immediately into church membership. When Johnson refused, she placed him on involuntary leave, without pay. A closed session of Virginia's clergy, uninformed about the details of the case, and with no debate permitted, voted overwhelmingly to support the bishop's decision. Johnson then appealed to the Judicial Council.

To the dismay of Methodist liberals, the church court ruled 5-3 that Johnson should be restored to his congregation and compensated for his lost pay. The court did not rule directly on the permissibility of excluding church members based on sexual behavior but declared that local pastors have discretion regarding church membership.

"I must admit that I am shocked by the ruling that gives clergy the right to exclude people into church membership because of their sexual orientation," responded Bishop John Scholl of the UMC's Baltimore-Washington Conference. "I will work to insure that gay and lesbian members will continue to have the right to be members of The United Methodist Church."

Johnson was concerned about the homosexual man's behavior and his soul, not his "orientation." Johnson is unusual, however, even among evangelical clergy. Typically, both liberal and conservative clergy are anxious to sign up new church members, no questions asked.

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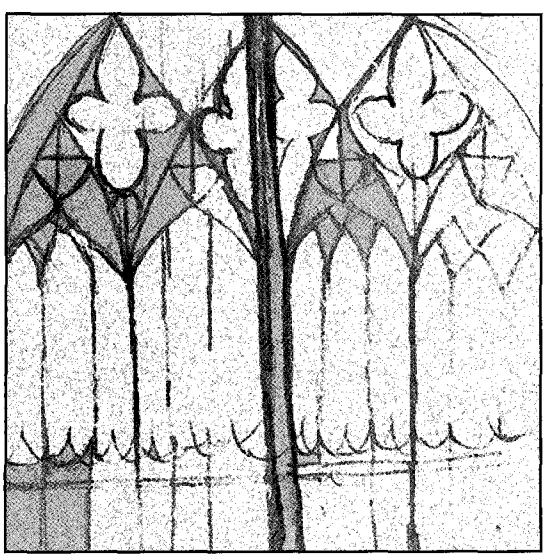
The UMC Council of Bishops was meeting during the week that the court issued its rulings and quickly gave its own unanimous response. "While pastors have the responsibility to discern readiness for membership, homosexuality is not a barrier," it said, sidestepping the issue of the *practice* of homosexuality as it applies to membership.

Not surprisingly, Methodist liberals responded with rage to the Johnson ruling, warning of an impending inquisition against homosexual church members. "The ruling . . . is chilling in its implications," warned the Methodist Federation for Social Action, which absurdly raised the possibility of "racial preferences" by bigoted clergy.

The denomination's chief Capitol Hill lobbyist, responding with equal indignation, wondered if the church might now remove the membership of fellow United Methodists George W. Bush and Dick Cheney, who "started a war," of which he said the church also disapproves.

Most of the shrill complainants know better. But their real fear is that the Judicial Council rulings confirm growing conservative influence within the denomination. There are more United Methodists in the state of Georgia alone than in all of the West Coast and Rocky Mountain states together. The bishop of the Congo estimates that there are more United Methodists at church in his country on a typical Sunday than in the entire United States.

So liberal United Methodists are upset, fretting that conservatives are trying to keep some people out of the church. But they do not seem to appreciate the irony. The liberal congregations are increasingly empty, and the conservative ones are just about the only congregations that are growing.



Elizabeth Wolf

Mark Tooley is United Methodist director at the Institute on Religion and Democracy.

AMERICAN EMPIRE

The Neo-Ottoman Empire

by Joseph E. Fallon

Contrary to Washington's official rhetoric, the U.S. government is an ally, not an opponent, of Islamic extremism—a foe, not a defender, of Western civilization.

Not since the Turkish siege of Vienna (1526) has Europe faced the threat of a Muslim occupation of significant portions of the continent; it does so now because of the foreign policy pursued by the United States under Presidents Bill Clinton and George W. Bush.

Like a contagion, U.S. foreign policy, beginning with the Clinton presidency but culminating in George W. Bush and his neoconservative administration, sought to infect the rest of the world with nothing less than absolute and permanent nihilism. Neocon ideologue Michael Ledeen spells it out plainly:

> Creative destruction is our middle name, both within our own society and abroad. We tear down the old order every day, from business to science, literature, art, architecture, and cinema to politics and the law. Our enemies have always hated this whirlwind of energy and creativity, which menaces their traditions (whatever they may be) and shames them for their inability to keep pace. Seeing America undo traditional societies, they fear us, for they do not wish to be undone. They cannot feel secure so long as we are there, for our very existence—our existence, not our politics—threatens their legitimacy. They must attack us in order to survive, just as we must destroy them to advance our historic mission.

Over the past half-century, as the vitality of Christianity and the nation-state waned in Catholic and Protestant Europe, Eastern Europe, with the fall of communism, saw a revitalization. Having triumphed over the Ottoman Empire and the Soviet Union, Orthodox Christianity has the potential to rescue the rest of Europe.

Christianity and national identity, in general, and their rebirth in Eastern Europe, in particular, represent an obstacle to Washington's drive for "benevolent global hegemony" and a threat to its ideological legitimacy. Like Carthage, Europe must be "destroyed" if the United States is to advance her "historic mission."

By encouraging the European Union to admit Turkey, a nation of Muslims, into its ranks, U.S. foreign policy denies the reality that Europe is historically Christian. In a 1999 trip to Turkey, President Clinton announced:

> The United States is not a member of the European Union but I have constantly urged European integration to move further and faster, and that includes Turkey. There are still those who see Europe in narrower terms. Their Europe might stop at this mountain range or that body of water or, worse yet, where people start to worship God in a different way. But there is a growing and encouraging consensus that understands Europe as an idea as much as a place.

In a 2004 trip to Turkey, President George W. Bush declared that "Including Turkey in the EU would prove that Europe is not the exclusive club of a single religion, and it would expose the 'clash of civilizations' as a passing myth of history."

In supporting E.U. membership for Turkey, Washington emphasizes Turkey's history of secularism. That secularism is weak, however. The Turkish military, the source of the country's secularism, has staged a coup once every ten years to overthrow elected Islamic governments and repeatedly purges its own ranks of suspected Islamic fundamentalists and sympathizers. A secularism that can only be maintained at the point of the bayonet will eventually crumble.

Turkey has a population of 70 million (only Germany and Russia have larger populations); 50 percent live below the international standards of poverty; 27 percent are younger than 15; and the combined unemployment-underemployment rate exceeds 16 percent.

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Since the European Union allows the free and unlimited movement of peoples among member states, the admission of Turkey would be a disaster for Europe. Millions of Turks, including Islamic extremists who would use Turkey as a conduit, could then move freely into any of the 25 European member-states. Under E.U. law, Europeans would be unable to stop this invasion of their homelands.

Already, the Turkish military has returned to the Balkans, if only with a symbolic presence, for the first time since the fall of the Ottoman Empire. In 1994, as a result of pressure from the Clinton administration, the United Nations agreed to deploy 1,500 Turkish troops in Bosnia despite objections from Bulgaria, Greece, and Serbia. Turkish troops have also been deployed to Albania, Kosovo, and Macedonia.

Most revealing was the justification officially given by the "secular" government of Turkey for its interventions. Appealing to both irredentism and Islamic fundamentalism, it declared: "Turkey is [the] spiritual and cultural inheritor of the Ottoman Empire which had ruled the region for centuries." This neo-Ottomanism was institutionalized in the Southeastern European Cooperation Process, the Multinational Peace Force Southeastern Europe, the Stability Pact for Southeastern Europe, and the Southeast European Cooperative Initiative.

U.S. foreign policy seeks to deny the legitimacy of European nation-states. Gen. Wesley Clark, former commander of NATO, declared that "There is no place in modern Europe for ethnically pure states. That's a 19th century idea and we are trying to transition into the 21st century, and we are going to do it with multi-ethnic states."

Paraphrasing Marxist theory on the withering away of the state, Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott decreed (in a speech delivered in 1999) that

> The old Westphalian system of nation-states—each sovereign exercising supreme, absolute, and permanent national authority—is giving way to a new system in which nations feel secure enough in their identities and in their neighborhoods to make a virtue out of porous borders and intertwined economies and cultures.

Our foreign policy also acts to undermine European nation-states by creating a series of Muslim states in the Balkans, the "Green Highway" linking Turkey to the heart of Europe. This has the further advantage of crippling Orthodox Christianity, an ideological threat to U.S. "benevolent global hegemony," by devastating and fragmenting the Balkans, an historic homeland of Orthodoxy, through wars, sanctions, and military occupation.

It started with Bosnia. Although Christian Croats and Serbs constitute 51 percent of the population of Bosnia, their right to national self-determination—for their areas to secede from Bosnia as Bosnia had seceded from Yugoslavia—was vehemently opposed by the Clinton administration. The U.S. government entered into *de facto* alliances with Islamic jihadists, Iran, Afghan *mujahideen*, and Lebanese Hezbollah to arm Bosnian Muslims, in violation of a U.N. arms embargo, to preserve a united and Muslim-dominated Bosnia in the heart of the Balkans.

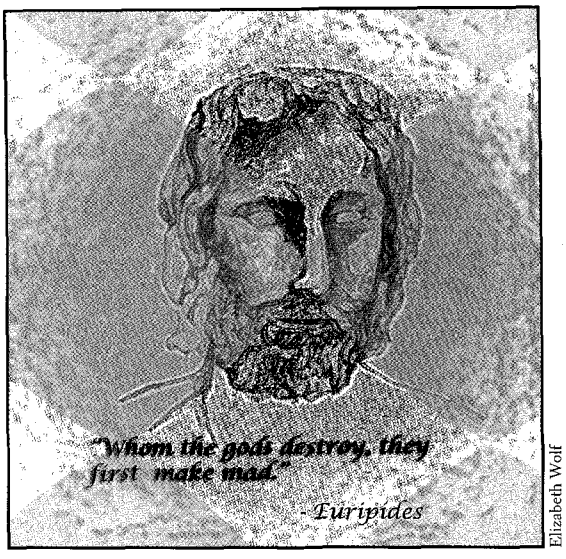
Next was Kosovo. Here, Washington reversed its position on political legitimacy: In Bosnia, it was multiethnic statehood; in Kosovo, it became national self-determination. The Clinton administration, in alliance with the KLA, an Albanian paramilitary listed by the State Department as a terrorist organization, engineered a war in Kosovo as well as the expulsion of 200,000 Serbs and the destruction of their homes, churches, convents, and monasteries.

The stage was set for Macedonia. Replicating their successful war in Kosovo, the U.S. government and the KLA won Albanian "autonomy" in Western Macedonia. Next on the list for "liberation" are southern Montenegro, southern Serbia, and northwestern Greece.

It does not end there. Turkey, asserting its neo-Ottoman prerogative, claims to be the protector of Turkish minorities in Bulgaria and Greece and, by implication, to have a right to intercede on their behalf. In pursuit of empire, Washington embraces neo-Ottomanism as it seeks to impose an Islamic ascendancy over parts of the Balkans.

Empires are expensive and ephemeral. It is madness to acquire them. Yet that is the objective of U.S. foreign policy. It is madness to punish allies and reward enemies, for that imperils our national security. Our foreign policy validates Euripides: "Whom the gods destroy, they first make mad."

Joseph E. Fallon writes from Rye, New York.



Elizabeth Wolf

Global Democracy, Ideology, Empire

by Joseph R. Stromberg

Today, as state-sponsored American corporatism is being extended around the globe, we are witnessing a gross overproduction of official ideology—the rhetoric of human rights, democracy, and free trade—which conceals some sordid realities. With the state replacing God as the source of all values, human rights and democracy have become key justifying themes for our overseas activities. There is a growing din of criticism regarding the human-rights shortcomings of other states, and many even suggest that the right to live in a democracy is universal and must be enforced.

Democracy as an item for political export is not entirely new. During World War I, following the lead of President Woodrow Wilson, the Cleveland Americanization Committee called for "carrying democracy . . . to all peoples . . . in order that the world may have a greater industrial, educational, economic, and political freedom."

For insights into global democracy, we may turn first to political scientist William I. Robinson, who crossbreeds world-system theory with Gramscian Marxism. Under globalization, he writes, "capitalist production relations are displacing . . . all residual pre-capitalist relations." How this is coming about is significant: The new order "is unfolding" under the aegis

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of U.S. power. This has involved a practical change of strategy.

U.S. policymakers once employed local strongmen, writes Robinson, to ensure "U.S. and core access to the raw materials, markets, and labor power of the Third World." Now, democracy—"an essentially contested concept"—takes center stage, while U.S. policy actually fosters "polyarchy," in which "a small group actually rules and mass participation . . . is confined to leadership choice in elections carefully managed."

In fact, for builders of sheer state power, democracy has been a happy discovery. People who believe that they "are the government" do not threaten states. As Robinson notes, "consensual domination" has advantages, including greater legitimacy won through "ideological cooptation." Coercion still exists but seems more acceptable, and domination becomes "transnational." Thus, polyarchy is stable, with the popular role "limited to the right to vote," with "no legitimate mechanisms between elections for holding elected officials accountable . . . since accountability is defined as nothing more than the holding of elections."

The Reagan administration set up Project Democracy in 1981, but the decision had a long prehistory. The notion of stable overseas control through "democracy" came near the end of long-running Cold War debates among American political scientists and policymakers. The point was to foster modernization and nation-building as antidotes to communism.

In the 1970's, Samuel Huntington took the authoritarian side, while William Douglas championed polyarchy. As Robinson observes, "Douglas held that Third World nations required 'tutelage,' 'regimentation,' and 'social control,' but that 'democracy' could achieve these goals more effectively than authoritarianism." From this premise came the invention of U.S. "political aid." Accordingly, Washington now bankrolls, advises, and trains "political parties, trade unions, business groups, mass media, and civic organizations." The new approach "is more sophisticated than earlier forms of intervention." Its Gramscian purpose is thoroughly to "penetrate not just the state, but civil society . . . and *from therein* exercise control over popular mobilization and mass movements."

The U.S. government already organizes its own civil society—"including U.S. business groups, branches of the AFL-CIO, the Democratic and Republican parties, and other private and quasi-governmental civic groups." Outwardly private, these sectors are

> intermeshed with branches of the formal state apparatus through a variety of mechanisms, including interlocking directorates, joint decision-making processes, and private dependency on government funds.

The United States can use these bodies overseas to "support existing groups, or create new groups . . . in the civil society of the target country, in synchronization with U.S. state operations at the level of political society." Initiatives include "education and training, institution building, social projects, information dissemination, visitor exchanges, political action, and so forth." Using tools from its own captive civil society, the U.S. government undertakes the thorough colonization of *entire societies.*

In the Philippines, the United States worked with youth clubs, women's groups, the National Movement for Free Elections, and so on to bring down the Marcos dictatorship. This operation successfully both defined and restricted "the anti-Marcos movement." In Nicaragua, the United States kept the Contras in play while inventing "an internal 'moderate' opposition . . . organized and trained through large-scale U.S. political-aid programs . . . to undermine Sandinista hegemony."

While policymakers tried out the new strategy, other players deepened the theory. In *The Democracy Makers: Human Rights and International Order,* Nicolas Guilhot tracks the genealogies of human rights and export-worthy democracy. He subjects the bearers of the new consensus to the rigors of the sociology of knowledge. He detects an emergent ideology of global mercantilist republicanism whose high-minded patricians aspire to fix the world's problems.

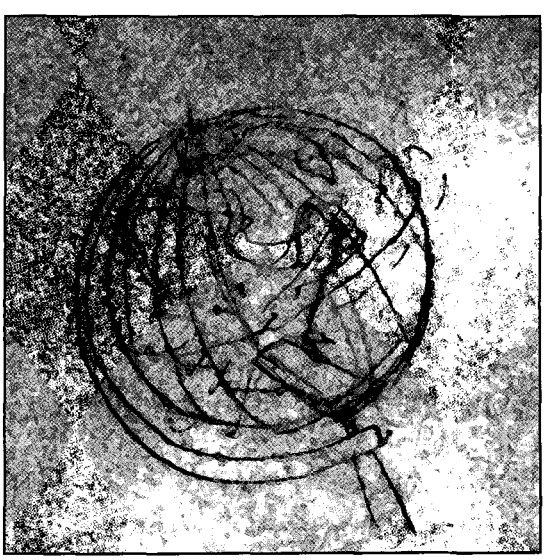
After the Soviet implosion, American leaders determined to drag smaller states into a New World Order. Announcing new "global standards," they decided that democracy had "become a commodity that can be exported." Weighing the claim that pure democratic idealism, unattached to any wider agenda, is sweeping the planet, Guilhot traces such claims back to the anti-Stalinist Old Left.

He begins in the early Cold War, when math-prone social scientists—behaviorists, modernization theorists, "cyborg" scientists (with their "rational expectations theory"), and game theorists, supported by the usual foundations—began serving the American state. In this mixed environment, ex-Trotskyists proved skillful at outflanking Cold War rivals. For the ex-Trots, "democracy" became an ethical end instead of a means. Seymour Martin Lipset (for one) re-fiddled social class, concluding that, as Americans were already egalitarians, and given the welfare state, "middle class" democracy *was* the revolution. Overseen by non-ideological managers, America embodied history's goal, fulfilling sundry prophecies and giving post-Marxist social theory a new historical ending.

Application of modernization theory to the war in Vietnam served to undermine the theory. Thereafter, the Ford Foundation subsidized certain Latin Americanists, hoping the latter could accurately describe the Third World's structural problems. These scholars, as quasi-Marxists, dealt with classes, capital, dependency, *etc.* They studied "transitions" to democracy, and their research agenda, once hijacked, proved useful to the gathering project of global democracy.

Meanwhile, under Reagan, Cold War leftists, who had derided Jimmy Carter's "human rights" initiatives, deployed their own version, which was both counterrevolutionary and revolutionary. So it was that a former CIA publicist for the Contras "supervised the creation of the National Endowment for Democracy" in 1983.

The new line licensed interference with other states' political *forms.* Imposing democracy loomed as a "moral crusade." "[M]oral and disinterested actors"



Elizabeth Wolf

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were shaping new global norms. Even the World Bank heard the new gospel of the millennial reign of worldwide corporatism. Quickly converted, it redefined itself as "a normative agency" furthering "political participation, transparency, accountability or the rule of law."

Guilhot's work suggests that these themes amount to a state-led paradigm shift, in which neoconservatives were both medium and message.

Antiwar journalist Jonathan Schell observes that, while some "civil society" movements away from authoritarian rule got *themselves* going in the 70's and 80's, things have changed:

> Civil society groups in the more prosperous societies began to lend welcome assistance in poorer ones. But governments also joined in. Unlike private civil groups, governments are in their nature interested in power, and the civil society movements clearly exercised it.

Schell mentions the National Endowment for Democracy and some of the usual NGOs.

John Laughland, writing in the *Guardian* (May 19, 2005), notes that, because "President Karimov of Uzbekistan is presented as a pro-US tyrant," liberal journalists want him out. They fail to see

> that Uzbekistan is home to precisely the same network of US-funded non-governmental organisations, human rights activists and media outlets that helped to engineer pro-US 'revolutions' in Serbia, Georgia, Ukraine and Kyrgyzstan.

Liberal critics of the "pro-US tyrant" thus miss the core of U.S. strategy—namely, "to try to *support and control all sides* in any political equation." In Kyrgyzstan and Uzbekistan are

> scores of western-backed NGOs that agitate politically for the opposition. . . . Freedom House—a notorious CIA front and the main architect of the orange revolution in Ukraine—has an office in Tashkent.

Laughland concludes that to anticipate

> anything other than the consolidation of American power in this strategically crucial region near China's border is to fail to understand how much US foreign policy under the neocons owes to the theory of permanent revolution.

In this fashion, the soft revolutions firm up President Bush's own Warsaw Pact. Perhaps Uzbeks, Ukrainians, *etc.*, will be happier under U.S.-NATO stooges (rather than Russian stooges), but mentioning the fact of NATO stooge-hood should not be scandalous; nor does it seem wrong to ask precisely how the U.S. Constitution authorizes the current struggle.

And here is the genius of the new "democratic" strategy: By colonizing the "target's" entire civil society, U.S. influence is meant to become not only stable but permanently rooted. It is indeed handy to have a lock on both government and opposition in any country. Our rulers have aspired to this at home since the 1890's and finally perfected it after World War II. Give the people few choices, and no "bad" choices—such as "isolationism"—are made.

I begin by observing that U.S. policymakers want what they have always wanted: access to every possible foreign market on agreeable terms—*i.e.*, open-door imperialism.

Robinson thinks that this has all been about money and profits from the very beginning. He must believe that "capitalism" already includes modern states, cruise missiles, WMDs, and everything deplorable as parts of the capitalist superstructure. But what if we are witnessing, instead, the globalization of the U.S. state apparatus? In this light, globalization is political-economic control, with "stealth and lethality" thrown in for the overgrown Boy Scouts; it is also about justifying ideology, humanitarian meddling, and reconstruction; finally, for some, it is indeed about ensuring that *certain capitalists*, in a politically ordered corporatist system, make a buck.

If it were really about money, narrowly, we could save time and trouble by sending our checks directly to Halliburton, Bechtel, KBR, various oil companies, and defense contractors. But such a payment plan leaves out the state, depriving bureaucrats, brass hats, and court intellectuals of their "psychic income" from power, prestige, and (yes) loot. They wouldn't stand for it. And while some capitalists do well, any one of them could, singly, be squashed in the interest of the state or the overall system.

So let us consider that globalization is not about trade. There is trade, a lot of it, but trade is not exactly new. Nor would greater trade and a more complex world capital structure and division of labor, by themselves, need the massive ideological output and state-financial support we see before us. Globalization today seems the overseas march of American corporatism; but it is not mere free trade, and not even "capitalism"—not without some qualifying adjectives. It is, however, profitable for some.

Thus, the claim that U.S. leaders are fulfilling History's Will serves some practical realities. Today's fighting faith fast approaches full-blown "non-recognition of reality," as imperial planners wield abstractions about human rights, democracy, and "democratic peace." The last item asserts that, democracies being peaceful, peace would reign if democracy were universal; hence, whatever

LIBERAL ARTS

DEVIL WORSHIPERS OF TITICACA DON'T WEAR TIES

"In the ancient temple of a lost civilization far from the capital, Evo Morales will ask Andean gods for help and guidance Saturday on the eve of his inauguration as Bolivia's first Indian president.

"Tens of thousands of people are expected to converge on the archaeological remains of the Tiawanacu civilization that flourished around 5,000 B.C. near the shores of Lake Titicaca, 40 miles outside of La Paz. . . .

"In another proletarian touch, Morales—who will be surrounded by dignitaries and heads of state dressed in suits and ties—plans to wear something more casual, although details have not been revealed.

"'Most Bolivians don't wear a tie and I'm part of this majority,' said Morales, who wore the same striped sweater to meet presidents and royalty on his preinaugural world tour. 'It would bother me, it's so tight around your neck I would feel like I was being hung.'"

—*from "Morales to Seek Blessing From Andean Gods," the Associated Press (January 21)*

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speeds this outcome is justified, including wars and subversion. Adding to this, the United States—inspired by the British record—must selflessly provide much-needed "global collective goods."

It becomes hard to track all the allies, satraps, imperial collaborators, NGOs, U.S.-trained "local" civic groups, p.r. flacks, World Bank fixers, civilian contractors, *etc.*, but rest assured that they help structure that special "free market" that arises *spontaneously* after the United States bombs and invades, removing pre-existing obstacles to free growth.

Earlier aspirants to the job, even the Soviets, were more modest, whereas U.S. planners believe they *can* have it all. Where foreign states stand athwart the millennium, they will have to be fixed. Washington has "fixed" its opponents—from Native Americans and Confederates to Philippine "insurrectionists." Such words as *reconstruction* routinely fall from U.S. policymakers' lips. Currently, one historian advises the Pentagon on "reconstructing" Iraq, while granting that it did not work in the South!

Under the new doctrines, America must furnish bourgeois-democratic revolutions where they have failed to appear. This resembles Trotskyism, minus some stages, but looks equally like Schlesinger's and Rostow's Cold War liberalism; from another angle, it could be Chicago School law and economics, with the United States as common-law judge, fighting "excessive" transaction costs with cruise missiles and commandos and adjusting global property titles to maximize social efficiency, utility, and growth. Here the policymakers follow, unwittingly, Karl Polanyi, who, holding that markets had been imposed by force, opposed markets. U.S. leaders accept the premise, claim to love markets, and are willing to provide the force.

Before crusading for democracy, perhaps we should assess that form of rule. Experience of it so far—here, in Canada, and elsewhere—is hardly inspiring. For John Lukacs, it simply disguises the rule of standing bureaucracies. Pareto, if he were here, would have to speak of "pluto-demo-bureaucracy." And if most conflicts arise *within* the "extended state"—*i.e.*, the formal state apparatus plus all the interests allied with it—we begin to grasp the old Marxist swindle: The state "withers away," but only because all *distinction* between state and society disappears as the state becomes omnipresent.

It is the role of ideology to articulate interests. And what is the ideology of modernity? It is the modern state itself. There is even a team of sociologists (Boli, Meyer, Ramirez, and Thomas) who specialize in making this point. Under current U.S. doctrine, states must be proper ones, trained, financed, and certified by U.S. overlords. Accordingly, today's ideological discourses are mostly about what the American state is, does, and wants. Power begets power and those who praise it.

U.S.-led world revolution is the ideology and practice of "late" American statism rather than "late capitalism." Even the supposed postmodern "erasure" of the inside and the outside—domestic *versus* foreign—rests on an accumulation of specific decisions made by specific political actors. It is also the role of ideology to make the contingent and willed seem inevitable.

Only a great disaster could discourage the practice and dampen the regnant ideology. Even disaster might not be enough. The armed Emersonians have shown a lot of staying power.

Joseph R. Stromberg is an independent historian and writer.

THE CONSERVATIVE BOOKSHELF

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by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

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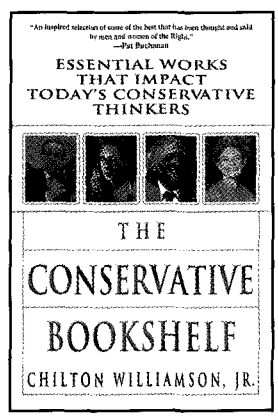

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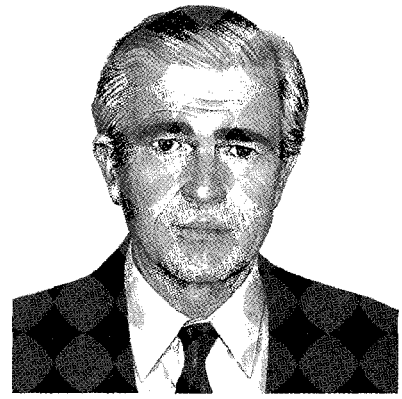
by George McCartney

Can't Get No Satisfaction



Brokeback Mountain

Produced and distributed by Focus Features
Directed by Ang Lee
Screenplay by Larry McMurtry and Diana Ossana
from a story by Annie Proulx

An enlightened colleague recently asked me what I thought of director Ang Lee's film *Brokeback Mountain*. When I told him I thought it a dreary, sappy soap opera, he smiled pityingly as if he had checkmated me in three moves. "I knew *you* wouldn't like it," he chirped. He, of course, had liked it very much, as any decent, in-step liberal would. Rather than get into a fruitless discussion, I got off the elevator we were sharing a floor earlier than I had intended, thinking, *That does it.* Brokeback*'s off my list of reviewable films. If I say what I think, I'll be charged with homophobia, the crime that dare not speak its name. Who needs it?* Since then, *Brokeback* has won three Academy Awards and proved itself a veritable American phenomenon. *There's no choice,* I decided. *It must be addressed.*

As I sat down to compose my thoughts, however, I was still hesitant. I have had many homosexual acquaintances and friends, some quite close, over the years. Four have been lost to AIDS, including two cousins, all at piteously young ages. Many of these people were and are highly accomplished individuals, men and women you could and can rely on for their perceptive assessment of current events and their willingness to support you in times of need. I had decided long ago I had no business commenting on what they did in their homes. I had no wish to give offense to people I admired and respected by prattling on moralistically about how inadvisable I found the homosexual lifestyle. Given all this, *Brokeback* posed a serious difficulty. How could I inoffensively say that I think Lee's adaptation of Annie Proulx's clueless *New Yorker* short story a sanctimonious bore? Wouldn't it be unkind to say that I think it panders embarrassingly to the homosexual activism currently shaping America's attitudes toward sexual deviance? In a word, I was stuck.

Then stage and screen actor Nathan Lane came to my rescue.

Lane has never hidden that he is homosexual, and, when he appeared recently on the *Today* show, he drew on his personal experience of the homosexual lifestyle to mock Lee's film for the sentimental twaddle it is. A précis of the movie will put his remarks in context.

The film concerns two young men who take a job herding sheep on a mythical Wyoming mountainside during the summer of 1963. The days are long; the nights, cold; and there is precious little amusement other than boozing. So, after drinking a bit more than usual one night, the aptly named Jack Twist (Jake Gyllenhaal) initiates a surprised Ennis Delmar (Heath Ledger) into the mysteries of anal sex in a pup tent, an activity the film graphically displays just in case we were wondering what it looks like.

The next morning, each denies the obvious. "I'm not queer," says Ennis.

"Neither am I," Jack replies.

Ennis then concludes, "This is a one-shot thing we got going here." Soon, however, they are shooting whenever the urge takes them—which is quite often—whether under canvas or *al fresco*. The one-shot thing turns into a sporadic 20-year affair. Despite being separated by 1,200 miles after they each marry and start families, Jack and Ennis manage to get away once every year for fishing trips during which their reels stay dry while their rods . . . but never mind. While Ennis resigns himself to this periodic arrangement, Jack won't. Soon, he's proposing that they leave their wives and play house together permanently. Ennis nixes the idea, citing his responsibilities to his daughters. When, after 19 years, the now-divorced Ennis still rejects Jack's offer of domestic bliss, his forlorn lover sulks, "I wish I could quit you." But Ennis is immovable. Proulx has saddled her cowboy, improbably enough, with a paralyzing fear. When he was nine, we're to understand, his father showed him the mangled body of a man slaughtered for being a homosexual, a sort of well-meaning object lesson. This experience supposedly traumatized Ennis for his entire life, yet Lee gives it a scant five seconds as if he had decided that to dwell on it longer would risk revealing its essential implausibility. At any rate, it is supposed to have left Ennis in dread of being found out. "This thing gets hold of us the wrong time, the wrong place," he warns Jack, "we're dead." It's just here that Lane came to the rescue. After provoking impolitic giggling among Katie Couric and her crew by mimicking the lovers' woe-begotten lines, he went on to say,

> I thought, "What do you mean the wrong time, the wrong place—like the A&P? You're in the middle of nowhere! Get a ranch with the guy! Stop torturing these two poor women and get a room! What's the problem?"

In a comically inspired moment, Lane nailed it. Get a room and stop bothering everyone else. You're not Cathy and Heathcliff, after all. But this admirable, if amoral, solution will not do for Proulx and Lee. They are committed to believing that homosexual relationships are no different from the heterosexual variety. It follows that same-sex unions are just as emotionally and spiritually binding. To suggest otherwise would be to admit that homosexuals are far more likely than heterosexual men to be opportunistically promiscuous. Proulx and Lee prefer the notion that two homosexual gentlemen would pine for each other like lovelorn schoolgirls across two decades of lengthy separations. This strains credulity. Proulx clearly does not understand homosexuality—or male sexuality, for that matter. Lee certainly should, but he has nevertheless followed her lead.

The truth is that sex is a supremely unruly force in men, driving them to all manner of reckless disregard of the propri-

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eties. It can be so in women, too, but any impartial observer of the members of the fair sex will have to admit that they are far more likely to value long-term romantic passions, which are quite different from the male's imperious need for no-frills sex. It is this fundamental difference between the sexes that keeps marriage counselors profitably in business. Despite these obvious facts, Proulx and Lee would have us believe in two men narrowly channeling their sexual desire for 20 years rather than finding other means of satisfaction. Such self-discipline is, of course, possible under the compulsion of a higher ideal: Marriage and family or religious vocation would be two obvious instances. Even at that, men all too frequently stray from their commitments. And homosexual men, being already outside the norms for traditional sexual behavior, are all but licensed for promiscuity. Surely, this is one reason that homosexuals have agreed to call themselves *gay*, a word that once meant a state of carefree, unrestrained spontaneity. *Have an impulse, act on it* seems almost their creed. Of course, Jack and Ennis are not typical homosexuals; they both have taken wives and sired children. If, however, they are already willing to step outside the bounds of their marital commitments once a year, why would they stop at one homosexual partner? In fact, Jack does not. But, as he is portrayed, the poor man only resorts to consolation in other arms because he is thwarted from seeing Ennis as often as he would like. Needless to say, the intimate relations they enjoy—or endure—with their wives do not count at all in their calculus of desire. Only Jack and Ennis can satisfy each other's erotic bottom lines. No wonder Lane and other homosexuals snicker at this movie.

Proulx and Lee have toed the party line regarding homosexuality. They are committed to the preposterous doctrine that homosexuals have been victimized for wanting to carry on relationships that are not essentially different from those of heterosexuals. You would think that only the hopelessly gullible or willfully ignorant could believe this. And yet, today, untold millions of Americans have been bullied into accepting this fantastic gospel. They have let themselves be cowed by the remarkably powerful propaganda campaign mounted by homosexual activists over the past 40 years. Anyone who really knows homosexuals recognizes this propaganda for the lie it is. Certainly, honest homosexuals, such as Lane and those of my acquaintance, do.

At the same time, there is no denying that homosexuals have suffered unwarranted discrimination and worse in different times and places, including America's recent past. But to distort the facts and exaggerate the urgency will ultimately undermine their cause. The propagandists have latched on to the strategy of victimology. They contend that homosexuals are constantly put at risk by an omnipresent homophobia. Discrimination against homosexuals exists, of course, but it is not anywhere near as widespread as the activists and their unquestioning chorus in the media would have us believe. Nor is violence against homosexuals. How many Matthew Shepards have you read about? If violence against homosexuals were as common as activists say, it would not make front-page news when it occurs. Furthermore, the "homophobic" label has been irresponsibly stretched to cover anyone who takes a dim view of homosexuality. Parents who raise concerns about homosexual teachers, scoutmasters, priests, or rabbis, find themselves instantly branded. But is it a crime not to want your children exposed to homosexual influence? Are we to be compelled to fall in line with those who argue that homosexuality is every bit as acceptable as heterosexuality—and perhaps an even more admirable choice, given its embattled place in our supposedly sexually benighted society?

Am I exaggerating the propagandists' pushiness? I don't think so. Yesterday, an announcement of a scholarship arrived from my son's high school, offering "money to openly lesbian, gay, bisexual or transgender (LGBT) students who have made significant contributions to furthering LGBT rights and/or HIV/AIDS awareness." "Openly," indeed. Adolescence is a period fraught with sexual confusion, yet we are supposed to accept quietly that 15-year-olds can definitively decide that they are homosexual for life. So powerful is the influence of homosexual activism that the school's administrators thought this fit to send home.

Oscar Wilde famously called homosexual activity the love that dare not speak its name. Today, it is the other way round. Disapprove of homosexual behavior, suggest that anal intercourse may be a practice for which the human body is not suitably designed, and you are straightaway designated a moralistic troglodyte, if not a hate criminal. Never mind that such behavior has been proved to be the ideal route to transmit HIV along with many other diseases, such as hepatitis, mononucleosis, and what is delicately called gay bowel syndrome.

So should we target every homosexual who comes into contact with children and adolescents? Of course not. The great preponderance of homosexuals conduct themselves irreproachably in public, making contributions that would be dearly missed were they somehow banished. All I ask is that there be no obligation to promote homosexuality as just another way of life as desirable as any other. Putting aside, for the moment, religious morality, such a position flies in the face of everything we know about the physical and psychological risks entailed. To demand that parents ignore this knowledge is profoundly immoral. What's more, it begs a backlash that may erase any gains in understanding homosexuals have achieved.

So what is to be done? Frankly, I haven't a clue. It's un-American of me, I know, but I think we will have to accept that this is another human problem insusceptible to legislative or cultural amelioration. At one point in *Brokeback*, Ennis imparts this counsel to Jack concerning their impossible relationships with each other and their families: "If you can't fix it, you got to stand it." The line is meant to be bitterly ironic at Ennis's expense. We are invited to pity him as a tragic figure trapped within the cruelly joy-denying morality of a homophobic culture. But there is another way to understand the line, however unintended by Proulx. Anyone who has not been taken in by our therapeutic culture of easy fixes knows that standing dissatisfaction is, at times, the only honorable choice and, should we live long enough, the only choice.

As for now, we shall have to prepare ourselves to stand the onslaught of homosexual movies and television shows that Lee's film will surely unleash. Get ready for big-name male actors bravely smooching and cuddling away. Where have Rock and Doris gone? *O tempora, o mores!* ◁

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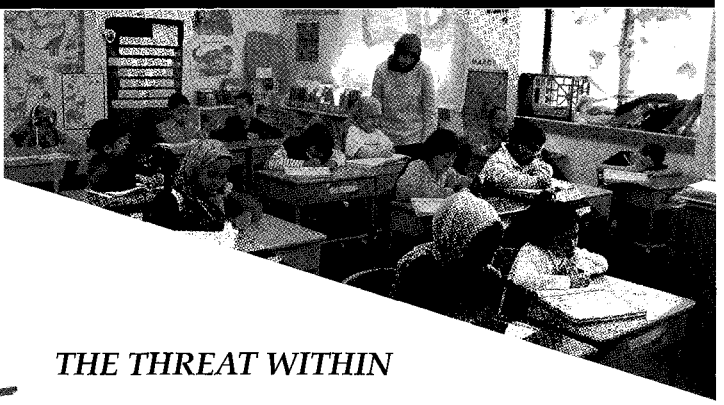

THE FAILURE OF THE WEST

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While Europe and the United States clamor for the allegedly modern, secular state of Turkey to join the European Union, the last six human-rights advisors to the Turkish government have resigned in protest of their government's anti-Christian policies. Learn about the real Turkey and the chilling historical context from Dr. Thomas Fleming, editor of *Chronicles*.

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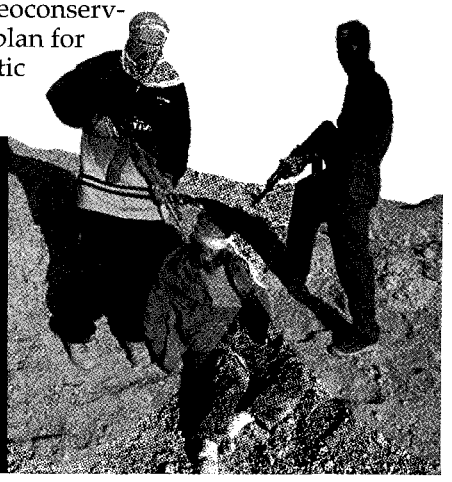
Washington's Failed Policy in the War on Terror
Thomas W. Pauken, former chairman of the Republican Party of Texas, looks at the wholesale takeover of American foreign policy by the neoconservatives and proposes a plan for a restoration of authentic conservative politics.



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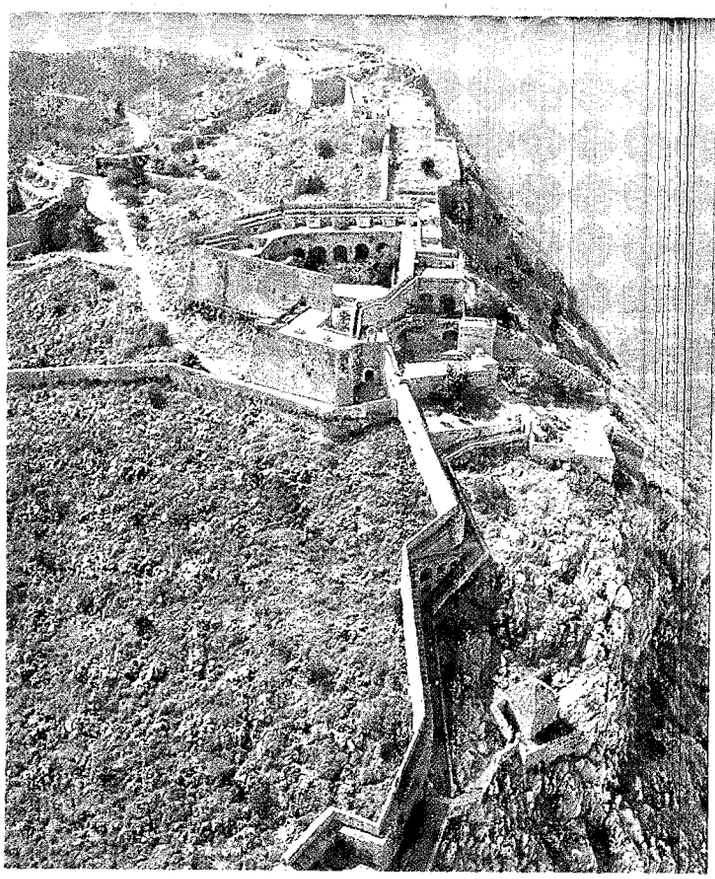

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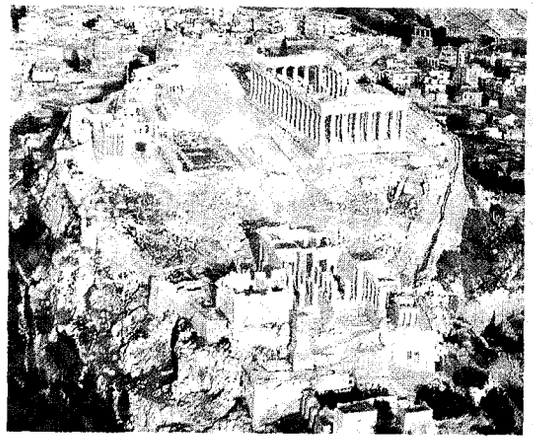

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